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No. 144.

GRANDMOTHER.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Grandmother's face is wrinkled,
And her eyes are getting dim,
So she can't read her Bible,
Nor follow through the hymn.
And her voice is failing lower,
Her voice is sometimes faint,
But it never will get weak enough
To make a sad complaint.
Her hands are sometimes idle,
For knitting tires them so,
But her brain is always busy
With thoughts of Heaven, I know.
She is thinking of her dear ones
A little way ahead—
Just at the end of the journey
Her weary feet must tread.
I think, sometimes, as I watch her,
She goes on; for a smile she whispers,
Breaks over her face.
"Yes, dear, in a little while."
Her face will lose its wrinkles,
And the dimness leave her eyes,
And grandmother will be young again
In the land beyond the skies.
It always thrills me strangely
When I think of her, standing there,
At the gates of Heaven, knocking,
When her feet have climbed the stair—
And the key is turned in the portal,
The gate swings open wide,
And she passes into Heaven
And she is there on the other side,
To meet her husband's kiss,
And to hear him softly say,
I have waited a long time, darling,
For this happy, happy day!"
Yes, grandmother will be young again,
Though her heart was never old,
When she goes to dwell in the City
Whose streets are paved with gold.

Iron and Gold :

OR,
THE NIGHT-HAWKS OF ST. LOUIS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.
AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK CRESS-
CENT," "HOODWINKED," "HERCULES, THE
HUNCHBACK," "PEARL OF PEARLS,"
"THE RED SCORPION," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

NIGHT-OWL BROWLERS.
"What is't to love, if love has no return ?
"Tis better to have all than half of none !
And if responsive fires refuse to burn,
Then best to bid the passion'd dream begone !"
ANON.

Nor very far from the Public Landing, at foot of Jefferson Avenue, St. Louis, we single out a dwelling—or unctuous building that barely deserves the name—a house that had long remained shut, and was apparently tenantless.

The houses on either side of it were empty, because rumor told of strange sounds that were sometimes heard issuing from the ghostly edifice. Entering an alleyway—narrow, damp, and black till one could scarce see his hand before his face—those who were "posted" discovered a door in the side of the establishment, far in the rear. This door opened into a kind of entry that was narrower and darker than the alley without.

Then there was another door, through the keyhole of which shone a slim ray of light to guide the comer, as he groped warily ahead.

At last the nature of the place is ascertained, by passing this second door—to find oneself in a large, square, closely-cased room, rather brilliantly lighted by a number of lamps that were fixed in brackets around the walls, and whose reflectors were polished to the smoothness of glass.

Within this room were assembled, at least, a dozen men. Some wore blue check or red flannel shirts and heavy boots; others were better dressed; though, in all, a motley gathering of "long-shore roughs" and coarse-visaged boatmen.

At one side was an apology for a bar, presided over by a burly fellow whose eyes were keen as daggers, whose countenance was fierce as it was ugly, and whose muscular frame was gigantic.

The men were seated at boxes, and on boxes, engaged with dice, dominoes, cards and checkers; and small piles of money were being constantly swept in by a lucky winner.

Liquor flowed freely. It was evident—from the rolling eyes, red noses, and thick whispers—that many were already feeling the warmth of the whisky kept here; yet there was not a loud word, not one sound of noisy tongues, for all knew the value of a guarded speech while gambling in the mysterious and unlicensed den.

Daniel Cassar—or "Big Dan," as he was called—the proprietor of the rendezvous, was leaning with his elbows on the counter, and his bristling face resting in his hard, brown hands, surveying this sociable company.

Presently a hand ascended—so many fingers were displayed; and Dan proceeded to hurry forward the liquor called for—whisky, only whisky, always whisky, for it was the sole staple-stimulus.

As he set the waiter and cups on the box beside the party who had ordered the treat, two men entered at the door.

Dan's eyes brightened, and, while he nodded to them, he jerked his thumb over his shoulder, significantly.

"How's this?" said one, questioningly.

"Where's Jake? The door's open to the police, as well as anybody else."

"Jake's sick," replied the giant. "There ain't nobody to stand guard, 'cause I have to be in here. No danger, I guess. Go in there—with another motion of the thumb

—"Ruby's been a-waitin' for you."



Ruby sprung to the door and closed it, that no possible noise might awaken the sleepers in the rooms beyond.

The two men immediately advanced to a portion of the casing behind the counter, and disappeared through a door that worked upon concealed hinges, and which gave ingress to a secret apartment beyond.

Hardly had these parties gone out of sight, when Big Dan started to a listening attitude, and raised one hand to invoke strictest silence.

He had detected a stealthy footstep in the passage, and knew it could not be one of the initiated and regular customers of the place.

"Hist, boys!—jump, there! Police!" he exclaimed, in a hushing whisper—and, instantly, a man sprung toward each lamp, while he turned the key silently in its well-oiled lock.

Quick as thought, the lights were extinguished. In concert with this movement, Dan grabbed up the glasses that were setting round, placed them on the counter, and then knelt down to press a spring in the floor.

A hand tried the door-knob, and a low voice on the outside said:

"There's somebody in here. But the door's locked."

"Kick'er in!" suggested a second voice.

As Dan pressed the spring, the bar, with all its contents—for dice, cards and all—were deposited upon it by prompt hands—glided swiftly and noiselessly downward.

With the agility of monkeys, the men crept to the hole thus made, and Dan uttering a snake-like hiss to guide them, leaped down to the counter, and thence to the earthen floor of the cellar.

There was a shuffling of feet, much jostling—but not one word; and when all were down, the trap closed over them, with a sharp click.

And nonë too soon. The door was kicked open with a spiteful quiver, and a lantern flashed in, discovering three policemen, who carried cocked revolvers half-raised.

But they saw only an empty room, containing a few innocent-looking and unsuggestive boxes.

"I'll swear I saw two men come in here, not five minutes ago!" exclaimed one, while amazement was depicted plainly in his features.

"And I'll swear I saw a light coming through this keyhole!" supplemented another.

"Say," suggested the third of the trio, crowding closer to his companions, "look-a-here—I heard a noise in this room—I'm sure of it."

"So did I."

"And I."

"I believe it's a haunted house, after all," continued the timid individual, tremblingly.

The three exchanged glances. The words were not without effect.

Each experienced a peculiar sensation—a half-start, half-chill.

"But," said the first, whisperingly, "I've been watching this old ranch for forty-eight hours. I tell you we've counted fourteen men and a woman come in here since sun-down."

"All ghosts," ventured No. 3, with a wise look.

Again each glanced into his companion's face.

And, as if to augment the superstitions feeling that was fast seizing them, there sounded a loud, long, unearthly laugh, coming from the story above.

"H-a-a-a-a! ha! ha! ha! ha!" rung the wild, weird, startling scream, piercing their ears, with its sharpness, like a razored knife.

It came with such suddenness, the effect was so electrical, that the lantern slipped off the floor, and put itself out as it crashed and jingled on the boards.

"Lord deliver us!"

"Look!—look there!" blurted he who had first mentioned the presence of spirits.

Directly opposite to where they stood was a gigantic skeleton, whose bones and skull seemed to be ablaze and smoking.

"Bang! bang! bang!" went the three revolvers, in rapid succession.

And, as the bullets sunk harmlessly into the casing, there was another laugh, issuing from beneath their feet—this time, deep, guttural, mocking, accompanied by a series of faint tapping sounds that drew near along the floor, like the heel-thuds of an invisible something approaching.

Frightened, preyed upon by a superstitious dread, they turned and fled, bumping excitedly, against one another, as they dashed ed from the house.

Half an hour subsequent to the visit of the police, a figure emerged from the alley—this one followed by two more; and one of the last that came was a female, who wore a hooded cape and close-fitting garments of black.

She crossed to the opposite side of the street, and moved rapidly away; the two followed after.

It was a long walk she led them; one, two, three miles—and, at last, she paused before a narrow gateway in the wall that enclosed the garden at the rear of Cyrus Winfield's residence.

They meant to enter here, for one of the men advanced to the bars, and began to tamper with the lock.

"Perry?" spoke the female, inquiringly.

"Well, Queen Ruby?" returned the man at the lock.

"Make haste, or we may be discovered."

"It is fastened tight—curse the hand that turned the key!" and he gave the bars a wrench as he growled the words.

But main force would not accomplish their ends. It was not until they had tried

a bunch of keys—which the second man had brought—that they effected an opening.

No one was in sight. The hour was growing late, and the vicinity was deserted.

They stepped quickly inside, being careful to close the gate after them, and skulked behind a luxuriant evergreen that grew near.

"Wait here till I return," ordered she called Queen Ruby.

They entered the veranda.

She left them in the shadows of the bush, and made her way cautiously toward the veranda, when a bright light streamed out upon the grass, and the outlines of two forms fell across the sward.

With the step of a cat, she gained a position behind a screen of foliage in the small conservatory, and looked in upon Cyrus Winfield and his son.

She was in time to hear much of the dialogue between the two; and the rays from the chandelier, as they shone on her large, dark, lustrous orbs, showed those eyes gleaming with a peculiar sparkle, when she heard the old gentleman say that every cent was deposited in the large desk in the office-library.

"It will soon be mine!" she muttered, sotto voce. "Soon you will have none at all, Cyrus Winfield; and then let us see if your son will not court the smiles and favors of Ida Wyn! O-h! how I am loving you, Hugh Winfield! And you shall love me, if there is virtue in woman's charms, and if you are not stronger than other men. Ay, you may despise me—but; you may speak sneeringly of her who dares not mingle where you mingle; but, I do not hear it—I am deaf—for I am loving you, Hugh, as woman only can love! You shall be mine—and it will be strange if I can not teach you to forget your prejudices!—sh! sh! is going."

She saw Hugh leave the parlor. She waited and watched, in her concealment, till patience threatened to desert her.

After awhile Cyrus Winfield went from the parlor, and she heard his step ascending the stairs.

When the servant came to shut and fasten the veranda door, those two starry eyes intently noted his every movement; and when he put out the lights, and sought his bed, it was with the feeling that his night's rest had been well done, and that the slumbering household was secure.

Perhaps an hour passed. Then a set of nimble fingers undid the fastenings; the woman's form slipped out, and toward the spot where her companions waited.

"Perry?"

"Here!" hissed a voice in the bush.

"Tis time. Come on—come, Neal."

The three glided forward through the gloom.

"Perry—there is a rich prize for you in the library."

"How do you know it?" asked the guard.

"I—Mandor."

"Come in, then."

The comer stepped inside the dark passage, striking a match as he went, and proceeding like one who knows his ground well.

When Dan had rebolted the door, he followed on the heels of his visitor, who paused in the side-room, and said:

"How's this, Dan?—you're cleaned out."

"Yes. The police was here awhile gone—"

"Ah!"

"They party near caught us, too. Jake's sick, an' so we hadn't no guard. The

"He told me so a half-hour since; though had no idea of an eavesdropper."

"Told you where his money was—is?"

"Yes."

"Satan favors thieves!" commented the man. "Lead on, Queen Ruby—to the library. Step with care, Neal."

"Ay," responded Neal.

They entered the veranda.

Perry paused here, to light a dark lantern; and when he had thrust this underneath his coat, they continued out to the broad hall, turning toward the staircase, with Queen Ruby leading the way.

CHAPTER V.

"COUNT ON ME!"

"Where's the fato of those that hold most dear
Tells to my fearful breast a tale of sorrow,
Oh, bright-eyed Hope! my morbid fancy cheer;
Let me awhile thy sweetest comforts borrow."

—KEARS.

At the moment the three spectral figures came out of the den, and started off up the street, a man was standing on the other side, directly opposite the alley.

When they were out of sight, this party feeling that was not spied upon, and then crossed over.

He entered the alley. As he neared the door, in the side of the house, a man came out—paused for a moment on the rickety stoop—then hurried away.

The new-comer drew back into the deep gloom of the place, and waited.

"There are more to come," he thought.

And he was right. The business of the den was broken up for that night, and Dan Cassar was dismissing his guests.

One by one they came out, with a few minutes of space between each—until all had departed.

The watcher waited a long time, after the last skulker had disappeared, and, as no more came, he presently advanced to the door.

"It is bolted!"—trying the knob, and finding it fast; and he gave two low, significant raps on the panel.

The knock was recognized. Dan replied, by opening.

"Halt, there! Who is it?" came guard, ed

phosphorus skeleton skeered 'em off; and Ruby clumb up in the wall an' let out that wild laugh o' her'n. But, go into the room, there."

The sliding panel in the wall-casing—through which, in our last chapter, we saw the two men vanish—led to a secret apartment; and to this Dan and his visitor continued on.

The room was small, and admirably concealed. There were no windows; but a large fire, at one side, afforded sufficient ventilation. Up this fire was a ladder leading to the back of a fireplace in one of the second-story rooms; and from the fireplace, Queen Ruby had vented the strange, unearthly laugh that forced the confusion and retreat of the three policemen.

There was comfort displayed in the furniture; and in a corner was a rich couch, on which the giant was wont to stretch his huge limbs in mighty slumber.

Dan motioned the other to a chair, and drew up one for himself.

"Yes, it was a purty *clue* shave, Mandor. An' now, the next thing'll be a investigation. I must clean out to-morrow night."

"I would do so, if I were you, and quit this kind of business. A man who has accumulated as much money as you have, ought to buy himself a genteel house, and live right. Are you not tired of it?"

"Well, yes, *kinder!*" replied the bulky fellow, half turning his head, and screwing up his thick-lipped mouth, while he gazed down at the carpet. "But, you know, there's a old *sayin'*: 'once a thief, always a thief.' An' I'm afraid Dan Cassar won't ever 'fit' in a good position."

"Take my advice, and try it. But, now to business."

Dan's visitor was a man somewhat over forty years, rather thin in feature and limb, and very pale—but broad across the shoulders, and with eyes that would seem to read the inmost thoughts of another, when conversing. There was a constant expression of sadness in his face, and the lips had not smiled for years.

With his last speech, he looked very grave; and gazed steadfastly into the countenance of his companion.

"Business?" repeated Dan, inquiringly. "Well, now, you don't mean to tell me you've dislodged anything, have you?"

That is precisely it."

"O-h!"

"I told you, fifteen years ago, that Calvert Mandor would find out certain things; and, at last, after a long, wearisome search, I believe I am on the scent."

"Go-on," pressed the giant, interestingly.

"A strange fate has kept me from meeting Wilbur Kearn for nineteen years—ever since that night that you picked me up, a bleeding lump of flesh, by the roadside," and an emotional feeling swayed the speaker, just here, for he added, tremulously: "I shall never, never forget what you did for me, Dan—how you so kindly nursed me through four whole years of darkness—"

"There—there," interrupted Dan, raising and waving his great brown hand, "jest let up, if you please. I foun' you purty nigh done for, an' if I'd been a worse feller 'n I am, I couldn't 'a' let you lay there an' die. So, never mind that 'ere portion—jest go on."

"Well, resumed Mandor, after a brief pause, "as I said, I've not seen Wilbur Kearn for nineteen years. I knew—as you did—that he had married my wife; but she had every reason to believe me dead, and so I don't blame her—no, I don't blame her. To-day, though, I *saw* Kearn. I knew him, despite the time that has elapsed since we last met."

"O-h-o! An' did you buckle onto 'im right off?"

"Wait. Some nameless influence prompted me to follow him, without speaking; and he led me to the office of Dr. Orrorann."

"The man 'at you hate, and who's hated you ever sense you was both little babies."

"Yes."

"An' what else? Go on."

"I dogged him into the house. When he entered the office, I listened outside the door."

"Hear any thing?"

"Enough to convince me that Theophilus Orrorann possesses secrets which I must learn."

"Ah-hum!" Dan was deeply interested, and nodded his large head wisely.

"I heard Wilbur Kearn ask where *his* child was. Perhaps he can tell me where mine is."

"P'raps 'e can," acquiesced Dan.

"He holds some great secret, that I know. Grasping at straws as I am, I will not let any hope escape me. Day after to-morrow I shall see him. It will be to him like the rising of the dead—"

"Kinder!" put in the giant, with emphasis.

"Feeling as I do, that I can gain some information from him—for there is a strange, prophetic spurring in my breast—I *will* wring something from his lips."

"Yes—wring it outer 'em."

"If I fall here, I will see Kearn afterward. I know where he lives, for I tracked him to his home."

"Good."

"But I do not think I shall fail. If Orrorann will not speak straight, I will even go so far as threats, and try what the power of fear can do. He has felt what nature is, in my younger days, and knows that I will not trifl. Will you aid me in the latter case, Dan?"

"Aid you?" He looked into Mandor's pale face for a second, and then answered, while he quietly bared and held aloft his brawny, muscular arm, and doubled his sledge-hammer fist. "Do you see that 'ere arm an' that 'ere fist?—at has licked more men in a year 'an you could reckon? Jest count on that, Col. Mandor, whenever you need for it."

"Thank you, Dan, thank you. That's why I came here—to ask if I could rely on you. For," he added, sadly, "I am all shattered and weak, now—not strong and defiant as I once was. I have never recovered from that terrible fall, and," his voice sinking to a huskiness, "the news that aided in robbing me of reason."

"No," said Big Dan, shaking his head slowly. "You were always weak and pale like, ever sense that 'ere time—"

"But, stop. It makes me wretched to dwell upon the past—even while it affords me a relief to speak of it. Let us say no more of it. You will stand by me, you say?"

"You can jest consider me *engaged*, with a nod."

"Then, I'll see you in the afternoon, to-morrow. Will you meet me at the corner of Biddle and — streets."

"I'll be there.
And I'll let you know what has happened. Now I'll go."

Dan went with him to the door.

"Be careful like, now; them police is worse 'an *hawks*."

"Yes. Good-night."

"Good-night."

As Cassar returned to the secret chamber, and drew off his boots, preparatory to retiring, he was muttering to himself: "He's a real square chap, Mandor is, an' I won't be found wantin' when he says I can help 'im. Stut! stut! stut! I wish he could find that little gal of his'n."

CHAPTER VI.

THE ROBERY.

"Wither—whither—where is whithering—
All of Hope's flowers that worth hath nirs'd—
Flowers of love too early blossoming;
Buds of Ambition too frail to burst."

—HOFFMAN.

HUGH Winfield, from his position at the library window, watched the dimly discernible forms that were approaching the house in a way which boded no good intent.

"What can it mean?" he asked himself. "See—they enter the veranda. There's evil afoot. Ha!—thieves, as sure as heaven. I will alarm the household."

He left the window and hastened toward the door.

But, ere he could lay his hand on the knob, he caught the sound of a tip-toeing step on the stairs.

He paused irresolute. Should he dash out and give the alarm, or could he match these intruders with his own strength and put them to flight?

There were but two, he thought; and while standing undecided, the door was pushed gently open.

He had barely time to draw back, when a figure brushed past him, and was closely followed by another.

"Give me the lantern, Perry," said the first that entered. "You and Neol rummage the desk, while I guard, and turn the light on you."

"Villains!" cried Hugh, bounding forward.

He dealt a telling blow, for Perry reeled up against the wall, venting a horrible oath that was drawn out, part by pain, part by anger.

But the young man was deceived in the number he expected to deal with.

No sooner did he strike than he was grasped from behind by an unlooked-for, and Neol pinioned his arms scientifically, while he hissed: "Up here, Perry! Choke the fool!"

Perry regained his feet in an instant; and ere Hugh could realize the trap into which he had thrown himself, he was being strangled by a set of iron fingers, while he was held powerless in Neol's vice-like embrace.

He could not cry out; he could not resist.

His senses began to swim; he knew they were killing him—and all as silently, as surely, as if the scene had been rehearsed.

In vain he tugged and strained, till his face purpled with exertion.

Ruby sprung to the door and closed it, that no possible noise might awaken the terrors in the rooms beyond.

In doing this, one quick ray from the lantern flashed across her eyes.

For a second the suffocating man, by a superhuman effort, forced his throat from the mad grip of his assailant.

"Those eyes! those eyes!" he articulated in a gulping, gurgling voice; and then consciousness left him—he sank limp and heavy in the arms of Neol.

"Anybody up?" were the first whispered words of Perry, as he turned from the motionless, lifeless form.

"Sh!" Ruby, invoked silence, and the three listened.

But, all was still.

"No," she said, "all's quiet. Come—now for the prize."

They bound and gagged the young man, and when he was rendered utterly helpless, in case of recovery, they proceeded to the business of the night.

It was the morning subsequent.

Hugh had been found and liberated at an early hour by one of the servants, and consternation spread through the house when he narrated what had occurred.

It was fortunate for him that insensibility came when it did. It had saved his life. Had he struggled much longer, the grip Perry fastened on his throat would have claimed their till death ensued.

Cyrus Winfield was strangled to and fro in the parlor, white and haggard, and running his fingers through his disheveled hair, as he groaned aloud, in mental agony.

He was a ruined man! The robbers had done their work thoroughly.

In his room, Hugh Winfield sat like one in a melancholy dream. A friend had called, only a few moments previous, and to him—an old, tried associate—Hugh had unbared his mind, telling of every thing that was then eating at his heart like the gnawings of a poison-fanged serpent.

"Look here, Hugh, you talk like a jackass, if I must say it! What do you mean by such nonsense?"

"Those eyes! those eyes!" murmured Hugh, absently; "only one such pair of eyes in all the world! I have gazed into them too often to be mistaken. They were Zella's eyes! They were Zella's!"

"If you keep on this way, I'll report you as a subject for the mad-house! Behave yourself."

"I saw them plainly by the light of the lantern," went on the other, as if he were dwelling solely on the tableau of the night gone.

"It's simply a case of insanity! Your mind is full of this girl, and that fact, coupled to your father's desires, has tended to upset your ideas. But, pshaw! you know you don't really care any thing for Zella Kearn!"

"I tell you I do!" interrupted the young man, in a sort of frenzy. "I tell you I love her—and I never knew till now how much, how madly!" He pressed his hands to his throbbing temples and stared, half-wildly, downward.

"But you will soon forget her—"

"Never—never—so long as I live!"

"It is a mere fascination, which time will cure. I've seen you 'taken' with pretty faces before, you know."

"Call it what you will. My heart yearns for her! my whole soul is in misery! Oh, God! what shall I do?"

"Do your duty," said his friend, a little sternly. "Forget that Zella Kearn ever lived."

"Impossible!"

"Save your father from this abyss of

trouble, by winning the hand and fortune of Ilde Wyn."

Hugh looked hard into his friend's face. He became calm, as he asked:

"Is it right that I should make myself miserable for life, in order to secure the peace of one who would be content to see me so?"

"The case will not bear question," reasoned the other. "I am an old friend of yours, Hugh, and I tell you your duty lies in the course I have named. Besides, think of your mother; it would be hard—ay, death to her! to assume a life of drudgery, after being accustomed so long to the ease of wealth."

"Don't speak of it—don't! You will drive me mad!" and his voice broke in a husky, tremulous whisper.

"Have you any cause to believe that Zella Kearn loves you?"

"None—none; and that is why this fire in my own heart is fanned till it has made me fairly desperate."

"There is no great harm done then. Give Zella up at once, and turn your whole nature toward Ilde Wyn. Have you ever seen her?"

"No."

"I have. She is a beautiful girl; and, by-the-by, she is enough like Zella to be her sister—one only is a dark blonde, and the other a brunette."

There was a long pause.

"Yes, I will do my duty," Hugh said, at length, with his glance still bent thoughtfully on the carpet, while the words fell slowly from his lips.

"That's right."

"But I must see Zella once more. I must bid her a long farewell."

"I wouldn't go near her again, if I were you; it may make matters worse."

"No—I must. Don't protest; 'tis useless. I must look into her sweet face once more—for the last time," and then he moaned, passionately, as his head sunk to his hands. "Zella! Zella!—oh, how I wish you could be mine!"

Half an hour later he ordered his horse, and started away from the house.

He looked into the parlor as he passed out through the hall, and beheld there the scene of wretchedness—the sad scene of his father's hardened mind.

And this seemed to strengthen him in his resolution to bid Zella Kearn a farewell for ever, for he compressed his lips tightly, and clenched one fist, while his eyes kindled with sympathetic emotion.

It was a long ride, yet he did not urge his animal, for long ere he escaped from the crowded, busy thoroughfares, and entered the smooth, quiet road, he was absorbed in a painful meditation upon the sacrifice he was about to make.

He knew now how ardently he loved Zella; perhaps he might never have been convinced of it, had not this ordeal been presented—perhaps, would have lived on under the nameless spell she seemed to have involuntarily woven round him, and which, of itself, was hard to endure, because of its very strangeness.

"Zella! Zella!" he broke forth, as the horse walked slowly; "oh, if you only knew what I am compelled to feel, you would wish, at least in sympathy, as I do—that we had never met! May God forgive me, if I have ever done or said too much, that would tend to win your love!—for it is enough that I should be so miserable, without your sharing it."

Speaking thus, he aroused from his absent state, and jerked the reins.

The spirited animal leaped forward into a brisk gallop, bearing its rider toward the cottage home.

"After all," he thought, "the affection is only on my side; then let us see if I can not be more

SATURDAY JOURNAL.

3

effect of the poison upon the madame. Otherwise, she would have wasted away gradually, and seemingly died of a decline.

We pass over the details of the trial, and at its close find Ross weak, indeed, but never criminal—triumphantly vindicated.

A new verdict was rendered, and this time the foreman's stentorian tones rung through the breathless, waiting people:

"NOT GUILTY!"

Cheer after cheer broke from hundreds of throats; and North, whose indefatigable researches had brought about this result, sprang forward just in season to receive the fainting form of Ross as she tottered from her chair.

Poor, humbled Milly Ross! She could find no words to thank her preserver when she recovered from the giddy unconsciousness which followed the release she had well-nigh ceased to hope for.

She could only cover her pallid, worn face with her thin little hands, and sob in gratitude and contrition; for, during the weeks of her imprisonment, while the clerk strove to impress her with comforting hopes, while he engaged his utmost efforts of diligence and purse and mind in her cause, Lucian Ware had never once visited her cell, nor acknowledged her sacrifice and forbearance by so much as a word or token. Blind, indeed, must she have been to remain ignorant now as to which might be her true love.

"Don't cry so, Milly," exclaimed North, in distress, unconscious that tears were wetting his own honest cheeks. "Don't think that I'll trouble you, either, now that you're free; I love you too well to urge you to any promise against your will, my lass!"

"Oh, Henry, Henry North!" cried the maid, struggling to check her sobs. "I've not merited such love from you; but, if it's true that you care for me yet, I'll never say to you no again."

"Milly, lass! I've not even the hope of the little martin-box to offer you now."

Ross looked up, to read the explanation in his averted gaze and reddening countenance.

"You've spent it all in clearing me," said she, quickly. "I'm all too thankful to be spared for work, and to help you win it back again. I'll be faithful to you for all my life after this, Henry."

And that assurance was more precious to the humble, struggling clerk than would have been a mint of gold.

That there was still something on his mind was evident, but he soon unb burdened himself fully.

"I hadn't enough, lass, to put me through without breaking on the sum the madame left. I've saved you three hundred of it though, and I'll pay you back the rest—every cent of it. The legacy was meant for you, Milly, and yours it shall be."

In vain did Milly plead; North remained firm.

"We'll join our fortunes some day, please the Lord," said he, "when I get enough scraped ahead again. But madame's legacy must always be yours for a reserve, or whatever else you may like."

Fay St. Orme paused on the first landing of the spiral stairway. She had never quite overcome her awe of this place; she never made the descent without hesitating first, and grasping the balustrade firmly as she followed the course of the broad shallow steps. Especially as it grew near evening, when the golden gleams yet streaming in through the skylight at the top but left the bottom shrouded in uncertain shadow, did she shrink from the necessity which compelled her to traverse the winding way.

As she stood there looking down into the black depths shudderingly, she fancied that cautious steps were treading the rounds near her; but glancing up no one was to be seen in the lighted space above. Again the indistinct steps sounded seemingly at her very side.

She glanced along the corridor at her back but no one was there. While she waited wonderingly, the door from the little ante-room swung ajar, and through the crevices she caught one glimpse of a face—the face of Lucian Ware. Almost instantly the door closed again without a sound.

Fay sprang forward to fling it back. The latch resisted her hand for a second, then the door opened to disclose the little room empty of any presence save now her own. She passed through hastily to the old madame's chamber—the one now occupied by Valere. It held no one.

Erne had gone this afternoon, in company with Mr. Thancroft, to Lyle Ridge.

Fay's first impression had been that Ware, not knowing his absence, had made his way unannounced to the other's chamber. She stood still trying to solve the puzzle.

She had seen Lucian unmistakably in the glow of the western light; and now, just as certainly, he was nowhere in these two rooms which had no door of exit except the one which opened upon the landing.

She was not generally acute in drawing deductions, but now a suspicion flashed through her brain with sudden bewildering force.

She went quietly out, and sped back through the corridor to her own room again. She snatched a voluminous, ash-colored cloak from her wardrobe and put it on hastily over her crapes evening dress. She tied the broad brim of a gray leghorn hat under her chin that the shadow should conceal her features, and then stole noiselessly out without attracting the attention of any one within the manso.

Down the mountain path she sped straight to the lodging of Ware. His door was shut, and no answer came to her repeated summons.

The heavy steps of his lady shuffled through the passage below, and paused at the foot of the stairs which led to his apartments. She held a sputtering tallow candle in her hand, lighted newly, and by its inefficient rays tried to pierce the obscurity which by this time had gathered.

"Mr. Ware's not in yet," she called. "He can wait down here if you like."

With that she receded into her own domain, leaving the candle sputtering from a tin socket pinned against the wall, and throwing a flickering glare over a couple of rickety chairs ranged in the passage-way.

"I'll not wait," Fay said to herself, with a quick compression of her lips not quite pleasant to see. It suggested the malice which a nature like hers will sometimes entertain.

But in the door she met Lucian, and paused.

"I've been calling on you, Mr. Ware; the 'not at home' I received was not purely conventional, I find."

"I was late leaving the office," said Ware, by way of explanation.

"Dew on his boots," was Fay's quick mental observation. "He never got that on the village pavement."

"I had a letter from mamma to-day," she continued aloud in sweetest accents. "I want to consult you, Lucian, that is if you will walk with me to the end of the street. I'll not take you further this time, I promise."

"But, supposing I do not need it all for ribbons?"

"Oh, well, you can buy peanut taffy with the rest. I remember how fond you were of it when we went to school together."

"It was better than the 'chewing gum' that you generally kept in your mouth," was the laughing retort. "But, seriously, John is that a very fair offer on your part, and I am glad to accept it. What is the price of a good cigar, such as you are in the habit of smoking?"

"Well, about fifteen cents; sometimes a trifle more, and sometimes a little less, when I buy them by the quantity, but that is about the average: And now, I must be gone to my business, Susie. We are chatting the morning away." And, with his usual affectionate "good-by," John Marsh walked briskly down the street.

A thoughtful, busy little wife he had left in the house. For a few moments after his departure she sat, with a bit of paper and a pencil in her hand, making a calculation which seemed to fill her with astonishment.

"It must be wrong!" she exclaimed, and once more she went over the neatly made figures. All correct, not an error to be found, and with a merry laugh, the paper was placed in her pocketbook, and she turned her attention to the duties of the day.

Very pleasant duties they were, at least in her eyes. The home of her childhood had been a happy one, and there were many tender memories of father and mother, brothers and sisters; but they were not so *very* far away; she should see them at least twice a year, and though she dearly loved that old farm-house in the country, it was really delightful to have a home of her own, and John to love and care for, even if it was in a somewhat close and confined street in the city. And then the apartments were so comfortable and convenient, and the money which her father had given her on her marriage had furnished them so neatly, that it was certainly a pleasure to live in them, and, in short, Susie considered herself the happiest of women, and intended to be the very best of wives.

"It should never be said that she ruined John by her extravagance."

He had a promising situation, but, as yet, his salary was small, and strict economy would be necessary to make both ends meet. The prudent father was of the opinion that the young couple had better wait awhile, until they could "take a fair start in life," but the more sympathizing mother said that "it did young folks good to begin together and work up," and, as usual, she prevailed, and the wedding took place, and now, a month subsequent to this important event, Mr. and Mrs. John Marsh were quietly settled in their new home, and ready to begin their married life in a small, snug way, quite compatible with common sense and true comfort.

"Ribbons and peanuts!" exclaimed Susie, several times in the course of the day on our story commences. "Oh, John is so funny. I wish I could tell mother all about it," and, though there was no one to tell, her merry laugh still rang through the rooms.

Time passed on. John smoked his cigar in peace, and Susie's bows increased in beauty and variety, while peanut candy was occasionally seen on her little work-table, and John was jokingly invited to with common sense and true comfort.

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"Mother" had probably told many little secrets, for Susie had passed a week or two at home during the summer, and now that autumn had come again, and "Thanksgiving" was drawing near, there were strong hopes that both she and her husband would join the happy family circle, which still clustered around the fireside in the old farm-house, for that day, at least.

"We really must go," urged Susie, "for they will all be so disappointed if we do not, and, besides, it is the anniversary of our marriage, John. Hasn't the year passed quickly?"

"Mother" had accompanied Mr. Thancroft to Lyle Ridge, at the urgent request of the latter. There seemed nothing to be gained by remaining at the manse, and he cherished a vague hope that the woman, Heloise Vaughn, through her knowledge of the Durand history, might throw some light upon the mystery of Mirabel's disappearance.

Drake had gone before by another way. They were within a mile of the village of Lyle Ridge, when the detective, mounted for his return, met them with a crestfallen look.

"The bird's flown!" said he, doggedly. "She's given us the slip again, and I—well, I acknowledge myself the cussedest fool in all Christendom."

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 134.)

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(To be continued—Commenced in No. 134.)

The Penny Saved.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

"I CAN NOT give it up, even to please you, little wife. It seems to be a sort of necessity with me—one of the *must haves*, you know."

"No, I do not know, John. I have not the slightest objection to a cigar; indeed, a good one is rather pleasant to me!"

"And I always smoke the best," interrupted John.

"Yes, I know you do, and, therefore, as I said, I have no objection to the cigar in itself, but, as we were considering what we *must* have, and what we *could* do without, it appeared to me that the cigar belonged to the latter class."

"Not at all, my dear. As we are just commencing life, (by the way, Susie, have you remembered that it is a month today since we were married?) and our income is small, it is quite right that we should make a rule to avoid superfluities, but there are some small articles of luxury which can not easily be dispensed with—this pretty bow, for instance, and he roguishly pulled the coquettish little bow with which Susie adorned her hair.

"Be quiet, John; do not lose your manners because the honeymoon is out. Do you mean to say that, if I will give up the bow, you will give up the cigar?"

"By no means, Susie. I regard them both as *necessities*—used in moderation, of

course. I never smoke more than two cigars in a day. I will tell you what I will do, Susie!" he exclaimed, suddenly. "You may have just as much money to spend for ribbons as I spend for cigars. That is all fair, as you don't smoke. Take it out of the money which I shall give you for household keeping."

"But, supposing I do not need it all for ribbons?"

"Oh, well, you can buy peanut taffy with the rest. I remember how fond you were of it when we went to school together."

"It was better than the 'chewing gum' that you generally kept in your mouth," was the laughing retort. "But, seriously, John is that a very fair offer on your part, and I am glad to accept it. What is the price of a good cigar, such as you are in the habit of smoking?"

"Well, about fifteen cents; sometimes a trifle more, and sometimes a little less, when I buy them by the quantity, but that is about the average: And now, I must be gone to my business, Susie."

"Even better than I expected!" exclaimed Susie, as he came in soon after twelve and told her the good news. "Now we will have a little lunch, John, and then we will get ready at once, and take the three o'clock train."

The week slipped quickly by. John's efforts were successful, and business was so arranged that he could leave on Wednesday noon and not appear again until Saturday.

"Even better than I expected!" exclaimed Susie, as he came in soon after twelve and told her the good news. "Now we will have a little lunch, John, and then we will get ready at once, and take the three o'clock train."

The lunch was hastily eaten—various little household arrangements completed—carpet-bag packed and locked, and, at last, came the happy moment, when Susie, in her neat traveling-dress, stood before the glass, actually tying on her hat.

"Are you all ready, John? Get your hat and coat, and give them a brush, that's a dear. I like to have you look nice when you go out with me, you know."

"I will do my best; but brushing will not make old clothes new," returned John, with a good-natured laugh.

He stepped out into the hall for his overcoat, and Susie, trembling with delight, held her breath to listen.

"Hello! What's this? Where did this come from?" exclaimed the astonished husband, as he re-entered the room with the new overcoat in his hand. "What does all this mean, Susie?"

"Nothing, John," was the demure reply, "only a little present for you."

"A present! From whom, Susie?"

"From me, dear. A wedding present, you know."

"I thank you a thousand times, dear. But where could you get the money?" he asked, still looking a little doubtful whether to be glad or sorry.

"Oh, it is all paid for, you needn't look so scared. I am as much opposed to running into debt as you are. I bought it with my cigar money, if you must know," she continued, with a merry laugh.

"Your cigar money, Susie! I do not understand you."

"Why, do you not remember telling me, nearly a year ago, that I could have the price of your two cigars a day to buy ribbons and peanut taffy?"

"Yes, I do remember saying that, but I do not see what it can have to do with my overcoat."

"Simply this. I have bought all the ribbons and candy that I wished for, and had enough remaining to pay for your overcoat—to say nothing of what I have left in my portemonnae."

"Can this be possible, Susie?"

"Quite possible, as you will find, if you take the trouble to figure it up. But we shall lose the train if we talk any longer. Put on your coat and hat and lock the door."

John obeyed, but his movements were mechanical, and he seemed unable to recover from his surprise. He was not until they were seated in the cars, and fairly started on their journey, that he regained his powers of speech, and fully comprehended that the much desired overcoat was really and honestly his own.

"This beats me, Susie!" he whispered, "I could never have believed it."

"Nor I, John, if I had not counted it up," was the reply.

"It was very kind in you, Susie, and it has taught me a good lesson besides giving me a new overcoat. In future we will save the price of four cigars a day. What do you say to that?"

"I shall like it, John, if it will not be too great a sacrifice on your part."

"I shall make it, at all events. Why, we may buy a house, in time!"

The journey was a prosperous one, and a loving welcome awaited them at its close.

The mother smiled as she observed the handsome overcoat, and exchanged a glance of intelligence with Susie, which was noted by the watchful John.

"I see you know all about it, mother," he said, with a happy smile. "It was a good lesson, and you will see that I shall profit by it. There is nothing like the penny saved."

"Mother" had probably told many little secrets, for Susie had passed a week or two at home during the summer, and now that autumn had come again, and "Thanksgiving" was drawing near, there were strong hopes that both she and her husband would join the happy family circle, which still clustered around the fireside in the old farm-house, for that day, at least.

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SATURDAY JOURNAL.

THE Saturday Journal

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MR. FREDERICK WHITTAKER, in our next issue, will give his multitude of admirers the opening chapters of his new Romance of the noted "Hunter's Paradise" region, in the far South-west—a story of marvelous interest and of decided originality, viz.:

THE ROCK RIDER;

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A TALE OF THE THREE PARKS.

Thoroughly familiar with the field wherein Gustave Almond and Capt. Mayne Reid have located several of their finest works, Mr. Whittaker is fast asserting his claim as an author of co-equal merit with these enchanting writers; and this admirable production will place him at their side, for it is, unquestionably, taken in all its features, one of the

Most Brilliant and Exciting Stories

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The serial adds another to the long list of literary triumphs which common consent awards to the SATURDAY JOURNAL, and which have placed this paper in the van of the Popular Weeklies.

Our Arm-Chair.

A Tribute.—A correspondent in St. Louis who "takes a great interest" in our "valuable paper," expresses his feelings in regard to Washington Whitehorn, as follows:

TO WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

BY AN ADMIRER.

Oh! Washington Whitehorn
You're a dead-fired brick,
To play at public life,
You know the "turn and trick."
Tis you FOOLSCAP PAPERS
That the people they are after—
We split our sides—oh, my—
Indeed we do, with laughter.
Even when I have to laugh,
My sides are still a stiffer,
To think of your Little visit,
And other trips you've taken.
Sometimes I have to wonder
If you use a patent rake
To scratch that brain of yours,
Or, what the deuce you take.
But, let it be a rake,
I'm not a fool to be made by.
The public feels as proud of you
As a mother of her baby.
Then fare you well, Great Namesake;
May laurels crown your brou—
And when you see your writings
May you be remembered then as now.

A Timely Caution.—No doubt thousands of persons have been seriously injured by over-exercise and violent exertion. All such exertion hurries the heart's action to an inordinate degree and causes it to throw the blood with great force into the extreme vessels, and as there is almost always one organ of the body weaker than the others, the vessels of this organ become distended, and remaining distended, the organ itself becomes diseased. Running, rowing, lifting, jumping, wrestling, severe horse-exercise, cricket, football, are fruitful causes of heart disease. Those which require the breath to be suspended during their accomplishment are more fruitful causes in this respect than those which require no such suspension of the breathing. Rowing, lifting heavy weights, wrestling and jumping do this; and of these, rowing is the most powerful for evil. At every effort made with the hands and feet, the muscles are strained to their utmost; the chest is violently fixed; no air is admitted into the lungs; blood is thrown by the goaded heart with great force into the pulmonary vessels; they become distended; they at length can not find space for more blood; the onward current is now driven back upon the right heart; its cavities and the blood-vessels of its walls become in like manner distended; the foundation of disease is laid. Hyperthyroidism, hemoptysis, inflammatory affections of the heart and lungs, are the consequences in the young; valvular incompetency, rupture of the valves or of the muscular fibers of the heart, pulmonary apoplexy, and cerebral hemorrhage, are too frequently the immediate consequences in those of more mature years.

The healthiest persons are those whose motions are equable and whose exertions are never specifically violent, and in taking exercise that person is wise who recognizes this truth, that all action which sends the blood bounding through the veins is dangerous and to be avoided.

The Art of Rowing.—In sailing-rafts we certainly excel the English—our yachts having beaten them in almost all instances, but at the oars we are behind the noted rowers of

Oxford and Cambridge, although our Wards and Biglins, as oarsmen, have made for us a splendid record.

Our professional oarsmen lean to what is termed the Oxford style of handling the oar. The difference between the Oxford and Cambridge system of rowing is illustrated thus, by a person who has witnessed several of the great races of those noted Clubs on the Thames:

"It was only necessary to watch the Cambridge boat approaching to notice, in the rise and fall of the oars, the following peculiarities: A long stay of the Oxford boat, quite a different appearance was presented; there was a short stay in the water, a sharp rise from and return to it, and between these the oars appeared to hang over the water for a perceptible interval. In the Cambridge crew the first part of the stroke was done with the shoulder—precisely according to the old-fashioned modes—the arms straight until the body had fallen back to a almost upright position; then came the sharp drop back of the shoulders beyond the perpendicular, the arms simultaneously doing their work, so that, as the swing was finished, the back of the hands just touched the ribs in feathering. In the case of the Oxford crew a style was observed which at first seemed excellent. As soon as the oars were dashed down and caught their first hold of the water, the arms, as well as the shoulders of the oarsmen were at work. The result was, that when the back had reached an upright position, the arms had already reached the chest and the stroke was finished. Thus, the Oxford stroke takes a perceptible shorter time than the Cambridge stroke; it is, also, necessarily somewhat shorter in the water. One would, therefore, say it must be less effective; but it means simply that the oar is taken much more sharply, and, therefore, much more effectively, through the water."

Our own Harvard Club, in its race with the victorious Oxfords, when it passed under Hammersmith Bridge, had almost as much of Cambridge as Oxford. Since then, our amateur oarsmen show more of the Oxford "walking feather" and lightning stroke than the long stroke and lightning feather of Cambridge. But, with all this, our style is a fair cross between the two.

FRIENDSHIP.

So many kinds of friendships exist in these days that it is somewhat difficult to determine what real friendship is, and each one must judge for himself whether it be true or false.

I style that person my friend who, when I go to visit her, will greet me cordially and as though she wished to see me, and not just nod her head and say: "Ah, Eve, is that you? I am glad to see you." She may be glad to see me, but I want her to show that she is so.

Quite an impulsive cousin of mine I went to visit last summer. He resided on the banks of the "beautiful blue" Penobscot, and was so anxious to bid me welcome that he would not allow the boat to land ere he jumped on board, and I knew he was right glad to see me. His sister was patiently waiting on the wharf, and the way that dear girl hugged me was "a good sight for sair e'en."

We all want to be made company of when we go abroad, and when people put themselves out of their way to accommodate me I fully appreciate it.

I like to have a friend who will be the same to me in my troubles as in my joys, and not, if clouds overtake me, let me find my way out of them as best I can. It is the person who deprives himself of his own umbrella in a rain storm, that you may be protected, who is your sincere friend.

He is no friend to you who will praise you to your face and vow and protest that he never will be false to you, and the next moment, behind your back, talk over all your foibles and shortcomings.

But then, we are apt to judge our friends a little too harshly, if their opinion does not coincide with our own; or, if they chance to advise us when we are getting too far in the wrong road, we don't think "such friendship as that worth the having," yet all the while it is certainly the best.

No doubt we expect and exact too much of those whom we call our friends; we call on them too often for favors, and, if they have not the power to grant them, we think them lacking in kindness of heart. We should not like to have persons think so badly of us, if we were so situated as not to be able to comply with their requests, but then, we never look at home to find that misdeeds; we wander away for them.

I have known some girls to consider me "just the nicest being in the world," and possessed of more good qualities than nature endowed me with—that was when I wrote their *billet-doux* to their beau for them; yet, the very next day I was, in their estimation, "a cross old thing"—that was because I declined to allow them to read my manuscript ere I sent it to the press.

Now, isn't that exactly the way of the world? One moment pleased with us because we favor our friends, and the next moment displeased with us because we are not willing to oblige them.

If we want to get through this life peacefully and quietly as possible we must try to keep all the friends we have, and to leave no opportunity untried in which to win a new friend.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

My Grand Concert.

It pleases me to announce—and it is the proudest moment of my life when I do so—that I will soon give a mammoth concert such an extensive scale that it will lay all other things of the kind in the shade and cover them up warm. Indeed, the concert will be too large to anounce it, therefore I will expound it.

The tickets of admission will be of corresponding size, fifteen feet square, and will require three men to carry each one, and I am glad to say that the price will be proportional to the tickets, and it will take three men to raise the price of one ticket, for you see that the high notes will be very essential in raising the tune. The director's tuning-fork will be about the size of the forks of the road, and it will take four men to bite it, and two more to catch the pitch, providing the pitch isn't too hot.

No slow notes will be taken or used.

Sixteen steam engines will render, with thrilling and startling effect, the much celebrated "Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad," and the explosion of two of the engines will constitute the chorus.

The Art of Rowing.—In sailing-rafts we

Fifty thousand voices will help along the song of "Hark, I hear somebody sing," each singer being provided with a fireman's trumpet, which magnifies four hundred times; the effect will be electrical; to make it more electrical, a forty-horse-power galvanic battery, with wires all over the house, will be on hand.

Three hundred Chinese gongs will assist in the celebrated song of "If you're waking, call me early, call me early, landlord, dear," with the most stunning effect, and to assist in the *encore*, two hundred and fifty saw-logs will drop from the ceiling to the floor around among the audience.

Two thousand infants, without nurses, will appear on the stage, and render "I want to be an angel" with such harmony that the audience will involuntarily break out and help them to be angels.

Eight thousand young misses will sing a master-piece.

The beautiful song, "Silent voices," will be rendered on one hundred anvils, two wood-sawing machines, twenty-four church bells, sixteen pieces of artillery, and a medium-sized imported earthquake.

The low, sweet melody, "Speak softly," will be rendered in excellent style by a full-grown storm, which is chartered for the purpose, with thunder and lightning accompaniment; the effect will be striking.

A hundred milk-maids will sing the milking song, assisted in the chorus by one hundred cows blowing their horns.

As every thing will be on a big scale, the songs will be huge; every verse will be a mile and a half long, and wide in proportion, and each note will weigh not less than four pounds.

One of the leading features of the entertainment will be a mammoth Jews-harp, fifteen feet long, but, as I can't find a man with a mouth to fit it, I fear I will be obliged to play it myself. I have a good musical education, and can pick any thing from fiddle to a fuse. The Jews-harp performance will have an interlude, which will be a pathetic railroad smash-up, and draw tears from all eyes.

All the brass horns will be blown by steam, with the exception of the manager; he will blow his own horn.

The hand-organ to be used on this occasion will require one thousand five hundred monkeys and all Rome to operate it.

Five hundred musicians will play one hundred and forty-eight different pieces at the same time with charming effect, and the chorus will be a can of nitro-glycerine by one glass plate, through which the operation of turning the hem can be seen, so that its accuracy must be incomparably greater than that of any other hemmer.

For utilizing space in a household, there is a portable combination wardrobe which has been invented and also patented within the last year, which ought to be more generally known to the WORLD than it is.

It is to be attached to a wall or door, by means of two screw hooks, passing through two screw eyes in the wardrobe. It is thus held close and firmly to the wall. It is capable of sustaining a weight of one hundred and fifty pounds. Curtains, which by an ingenious attachment, can be readily put up or removed when required, form the sides and front. Thus it gives perfect ventilation while excluding dust and light. A shelf is also attached of sufficient depth for a hat-box, or articles of clothing. The whole affair can be put up or taken down in a few minutes, can quickly be folded into a space of three inches in depth. The cost of this ingenious and economical invention is from five to fifteen dollars, according to size and the quality of the curtains. Not only is this a good investment for a young housekeeper, but we would also suggest its convenience for parties visiting watering-places, and those who board, and are frequently obliged to change their place of residence.

JOURNAL.

Readers and Contributors.

To CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders. Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only when stamp is enclosed. The postage for such MSS. is to be paid in advance. MSS. preserved in the office are to be paid for at the rate of 10 cents per page. MSS. marked as "Book MSS." or "MS." are expected to be otherwise unattainable, or inaccessible. There is another of the same style which can be doubled up and carried in the pocket.

In the hardware department we find toasting forks with sliding handles, so that the hands may never be burned, while manipulating that delicate piece of cookery, making toast. How few know how to toast a piece of bread!—and what a rare luxury is a plate of *good* dry toast. By the way, toast should always be served on a toast-rack.

Griddle-cakes may not be wholesome, but we like them sometimes as an American luxury, and we know from experience that a soapstone griddle is the thing on which to bake them. They will not burn and stick to it, even if no lard or butter is used in the operation of cooking them.

Among the numberless varieties in the way of sad-irons and smoothing-irons we find one—a woman's invention and patent—a polishing-iron, which is now in almost universal use in large laundries, imparting that exquisite gloss which is so coveted by dandy gentlemen for their fine linen.

Speaking of women's inventions reminds us of one we have lately seen from which the fair patentee will probably make as much as the lucky inventor who found that glycerine applied to sponge, would render that substance permanently elastic, and fit for upholstery purposes. The lady's lucky idea is in the applying *glass* to the hemmer of sewing-machines. It is a rare combination of all the advantages of all previous inventions in this line, to which is added a glass plate, through which the operation of turning the hem can be seen, so that its accuracy must be incomparably greater than that of any other hemmer.

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Short Stories from History.

Battle of Agincourt.

At this memorable battle, in which Henry the Fifth entered into an association to fake the king dead or alive, fought their way to where he was; and one of them struck him with a battle-ax, which did not, however, penetrate his helmet. At this moment David Gam, a Welsh captain, and two of his countrymen, rushed in to the assistance of the king, and saved him, at the expense of their own lives. The French knights were every one killed; and when Henry saw his three gallant friends expiring of their wounds at his feet, in gratitude for such noble service, he knighted them as they lay on the field of battle, and charged the enemy with redoubled ardor. His brother, Gloucester, who fought by his side, received a stroke from a mace, which felled him to the ground. Henry covered him with his shield, and at the same time, sustained the attack of a multitude of assailants; but, not being able to defend himself against them all, he received a blow on the head which brought him on his knees; he however instantly sprang up, and laid the man who gave it dead at his feet. At this instant the Duke of York came up to his relief, and the troops seeing his danger, with a sort of enthusiasm, bore down all before them. The Duke d'Alencon finding his army thrown into disorder, and in danger of being totally defeated, resolved to make one effort that should either restore to him the glory of the day, or, at least, save him the mortification of surviving his defeat. With three hundred choice volunteers he made his way to where Henry was performing prodigies of valor, and crying out, "I am the Duke d'Alencon," he gave the king a most furious blow on the head, which pierced his helmet; but not being able quickly to disengage his sword, Henry returned the stroke so effectually, that he brought the duke and two of his followers to the ground. The loss of Alencon filled the French with consternation and confusion, and they beat themselves to flight. In this battle, which lasted five hours, the French had one thousand men killed and sixteen thousand taken prisoners; while the loss of the English did not exceed four hundred men. The English were at the commencement of the battle about twelve thousand or thirteen thousand in number, and the French not less than forty thousand. When Gam, the gallant Welsh captain, was sent to reconnoiter the enemy's position the day before the battle, he reported on his return, that "there were enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away."

The cutlery department of such establishments should be well studied by every young housekeeper. Besides the elegant pearl and ivory handled table cutlery, there are patent cook-knives and vegetable-knives, bone-saws and poultry-choppers, and dining-table forks, and asparagus and other vegetable forks, which when once placed in a kitchen, seem necessary, not luxuries.

The woodenware department is scarcely less attractive. No one, after looking through it, would be willing for the "wooden wedding" time to roll round, before having some of the beautiful things seen there. Bread platters, with richly-carved borders in various designs, and appropriate mottoes in raised letters, are inexpensive and durable investments. Here is one with the motto: "Lips, however rosy, must be fed." Another runs thus: "Give us this day our daily bread." Another, "Cut and come again." One, short, sweet and to the

SATURDAY JOURNAL.

5

WAITING.

BY FRANK M. IMERIE.

Hyperion seeks his gorgeous fame,
Where air-bathed beauties teem;
As Luna floats from her cloud-girt home
The halo-rested hours are ours.

O'er glamour'd hill and glade
Rare beauty lies, and now I wait
Beneath the Linden's shade.

The rays athwart the breeze-rocked boughs,
Like gilded arrows shine;
The dewdrop prisms beams astray
To illumine her cavern shrine.

The world's a gaudy scene,
The glittering stars are set,
Like burning, scintillating gems
In night's blue coronet.

I've tarried long; the evening wanes;
Hushed is the night-bird's song;
My barge of Hope in its gala dress,
Adrift from my heart has gone.

A voiceless sadness fills the hour,
O'er shade-wrapped hill and glade;

Dread silence reigns; I wait, in vain,
Beneath the Linden's shade.

Cheating Destiny.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"UPON my word, Volney Hale! Well, if any one man was needed to make the circle complete, you are *the* one. If ever hostess displayed commendable discrimination, it is our little Mrs. Grosvenor. Christmas festivities would lack their best flavor without the invaluable and ubiquitous Hale."

"Thanks, my dear Chesney. You quite over-estimate my importance, however. Mrs. Grosvenor and Elmgrove haven't much cause for gratulation through the latest arrival—what with items and squibs, editorials and ponderous reviews, scientific researches and sentimental literary dash-offs, I'm quite pleased. Took advantage of the invitation simply to save myself a brain fever, and now the profoundest sense of obligation isn't going to tempt me to rouse into any sort of exertion for the two weeks of my sojourn."

"By Jove! you do look bad, Hale. Why don't you cut the concern—those sharks of publishers seem to think a man's vitality and powers of endurance have no limit, judging from your example. Cut it all and save the 'immortal flame,' my dear fellow."

"All very well, coming from you—born to a silver spoon and rosewood cradle. We can't all be fortune's favorite, you know. What do you imagine would become of me if it were not for the constant demands of those monarchs of the newspaper realm—the editors? Quill-driving is apt to be a trifling fatiguing than simply drawing dividends, but I dare say there are worse stations in life than being only a penny-a-liner. I can't grumble at the 'extras' I've got through in the last month for the sake of this breathing space."

Chesney gave his mustache an extra curl, with a sympathetic glance at his friend.

"You know, if there's any gift of the gods less desirable than genius along with—well—I—impecuniosity, I've never chanced across it. Your good-looking idiots, as they never so poverty-stricken, given a moderate degree of the commodity called 'cheek,' are sure to make lucky strikes. All due returns to the star which decreed that I should be born rich instead of clever. There, what do you say to that cut of my imperial?"

"My dear fellow, destiny rules us all, and I'm quite powerless to suggest any improvement after the course followed by your barber's scissors—barbarous though the fashion may be. No one ever knew the *Beau Chesney* to be any thing but perfect, but it strikes me you are laying yourself out to an unusually effective extent. Pray, what new inducement do you find here?"

"With due honor to your penetration—how can you ask? There's a whole galaxy of brilliant stars!"

"And a particular one; don't deny it, man. There, I'll not press the point since my own eyes will assure me soon. Spare your confusion and the back of that hair-brush, you modest victim of Cupid's latest dart."

"Oh, dash that, Hale! I say, why don't you cheat destiny after the approved fashion? There's a splendid chance in the house if you'll accept the suggestion. An heiress, just the style to take your fastidious fancy, and sure to take to you. *Entrez nous*, shall I put in a good word for you?"

"I couldn't wish a better recommendation, but I'll consider first. I'm not enlightened regarding the company, and can't be deluded into contemplating a rash leap in the dark."

"It comprises the rarest cullings of our own particular set, with important additions. Those in whom you and I propose to be especially interested are the cousins Leigh—for one is rich, and one is proud, and both are fair! I'm willing to confess to you that I'm taken with pride and poverty. She's only a music-teacher, but she's an angel as well, and she'll be Mrs. Chesney before the season's out, if my persuasions will avail. I don't think I'm blessed with natural match-making propensities, but if you only would take a fancy to *la pauvre cousin*—"

"I'll probably be favored by a reminder that there's a wide difference between the heiress and the literary hack. Are you going down? I've no more than paid my respects to the presiding deity yet, and would rather not run the gauntlet of a romp by a late appearance."

Mrs. Grosvenor's rooms were especially inviting, aglow as they were with soft, bright tints and mellow lights, and Mrs. Grosvenor herself came forward, with charming effusion.

"We're crowded to the very last corner, Mr. Hale, so I was obliged to room you two cronies together. I scarcely need to make an excuse, I presume; such a modern example of Damon and Pythias—I wonder that you exist at all when parted. Ah, here come all these people, impatient at having dinner put back half an hour. All friends well met except our mutual acquisitions, Miss Leigh, Miss Lucetta Leigh, Mr. Hale, Mr. Chesney, Lucetta pairs off with you, I believe."

Volney Hale found himself bowing before a stately blonde, then swept away with her upon his arm, toward the dining-room.

"So this is the gentler mistress than Destiny I'm urged to woo," he thought. "By Jove, Chesney was right—she's charming enough to please the most fastidious taste, but I'm not so sure of her impressibility. I don't wonder at *his* infatuation—that little brownie is perfect in her way. Lucetta

they call her—pretty name; how she does sparkle, to be sure."

Unconsciously his eyes wandered toward the dusky little Leigh oftener than they rested upon the stately cousin as the evening progressed. He was taking a decided interest in the poor music-teacher, who had thrown the mesh of her enchantment about his friend.

"Perfect in her dazzling Gipsyish style," he thought. "How is it that the old song goes—"

"My face is my fortune, sir, she said, according to my fancy the little Lucetta is the best fortune of the two. The heiress is too much after 'Maud' for my unequivocal liking—I'll take a heart along with my beauty if it pleases. Presumptuous of a Bohemian on mercenary thoughts intent to assert a preference, I dare say. Is that *la pauvre cousin* at the piano?"

The poor cousin it was, and Hale listened in a trance, while a silence settled over the room as she played.

"Well done, wasn't it?" It was Chesney at his side, and Hale drew a deep breath as the volume of sound died away.

"Well done!—she is an artist! The touch—the soul expressed—words fail me."

"I didn't know you were such an enthusiast, Volney. Lucetta ought to excel—Ah, Mrs. Grosvenor!"

"What is this your friend has been telling me, Mr. Hale? That you don't feel able to take a part in the active amusement I've been planning? Indeed and indeed!—just be kind enough to tell me what I'm to do if you fail me. I've counted on you as an invaluable accessory. Charades, *tâlœus ébants*, private theatricals—all will fall through unless you participate."

"My dear madam, I'm exceedingly sorry."

"Oh, don't utter any apologies if you're determined to disappoint me. I've actually been plunging into Shakespeare, and fixed upon you as Romeo to Lucetta's Juliet. Your talent in the way of tragedy, and your tenor in our musical entertainments, are really indispensable, but if you won't—"

"My dear Mrs. Grosvenor, you quite overwhelm me with the enormity of proving myself remiss. I'll play Romeo, if you like, and give you the advantage of my tenor, but don't, I beg of you, throw me into charades and tableaux. If you knew my aversion to the like"—plainly—"and my absolute need of rest—There, I see you relent. Now, do beg Miss Lucetta to give us another song."

By an unexpected maneuver of Chesney's, Miss Lucetta was willing to comply, with some masculine voice to support her, and as Hale's musical ability was an acknowledged fact, along with a variety of other accomplishments which made him always a desirable acquisition—which, in fact, had gained him an *entrée* into the circles where he moved so nonchalantly—he was elected now to the duet.

And that duet was only the first of many which was to follow with succeeding days. As they passed, Hale found himself thrown more and more into close companionship with Lucetta. The rehearsals, hours of practice in the music-room, a harmony of tastes—a bond of sympathy discovered unconsciously, did the business. Time has a facility for slipping by with wonderful rapidity under such circumstances. The day came about when Mrs. Grosvenor's admirable household arrangements were thrown into chaos while a suite of rooms became metamorphosed into a theater by the introduction of a stage, scenery, curtains and seats. The important evening which was to witness the display of amateur talent in various directions was to follow.

A little group had assembled in the green-room after inspecting the appointments. Chesney was discussing with Miss Leigh and Lucetta some last disputed detail of costume, Mrs. Grosvenor and one or two others were grouped at a little distance, while Hale stood back unnoticed, half concealed by some failing drapery.

"Who carries off the Leigh, think you?"—some one spoke near him. "I thought Chesney was assured in that direction, but our new-fledged Romeo seems to follow his role beyond the limit of stage presentation."

"And a particular one; don't deny it, man. There, I'll not press the point since my own eyes will assure me soon. Spare your confusion and the back of that hair-brush, you modest victim of Cupid's latest dart."

"Oh, dash that, Hale! I say, why don't you cheat destiny after the approved fashion? There's a splendid chance in the house if you'll accept the suggestion. An heiress, just the style to take your fastidious fancy, and sure to take to you. *Entrez nous*, shall I put in a good word for you?"

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A Strange Girl: A NEW ENGLAND LOVE STORY.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF THE "WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED MAZEPHA," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII. A SECRET STAB.

Just four and twenty hours after the conversation detailed in our last chapter between Delta Embden and the "help" Mary Ann, Deacon Edmund Paxton sat in his library, busily among his papers.

The deacon was a man of fifty—a tall, portly gentleman, with silver-gray hair and a round, fat face, fringed by luxuriant silver-gray side-whiskers. His eyes were dark-blue in hue, large and clear.

The deacon was fat and clean, red and white in color—sure proof of good living and of freedom from cares in worldly matters; yet, the massive under jaw, the firm square-set forehead and a certain shrewd look about the eyes, told that the jolly and comfort-loving deacon had a strong will of his own, and was fully able to cope with his fellow-men in the great battle of life.

Edmund Paxton came of one of the oldest families in all New England. His ancestors had settled by the banks of the Saco when the powerful Tarrentines, the Penobscots and the Saco Indians ranged in their native freedom from the Salmon river to St. Croix.

Old gossips told a legend how one of the Paxtons had once wedded a daughter of the great chief of the Saco tribe; how, in some mysterious way, the marriage had brought ruin and distraction to the red-men, and how the dying warriors, with their latest breath, had cursed the race of Paxton, and how the curse had clung to the family even to the present time.

But, old gossips will talk, and simple stories will grow by constant repetition into the dignity of legends, which must be received without question.

Few, however, could look upon the placid and good-humored face of Deacon Edmund Paxton, and believe that any age-descended curse shadowed his life.

The deacon had inherited quite an estate from his father, and by thrift and care had so increased it that he was accounted one of the richest men in the State, east of Portland.

The arrival of the morning mail interrupted the deacon in his labors.

Three letters came; two of them in yellow envelopes bore the Boston post-mark. The handwriting was familiar to him; one was from his lawyer, the other from the mill-agent located in Boston. But the third letter the deacon examined with curiosity.

The superscription evidently was in a woman's hand, and disguised at that, too. It was a dainty letter, strongly perfumed, and bore the Biddeford post-mark.

It was addressed simply, "Edmund Paxton, Esq., Saco, Maine."

"Humph, it looks like a love-letter," the deacon murmured. "If it had been addressed to Sinclair, now, I should not have wondered, but I am a little too old for that sort of thing; too much in the 'sere and yellow leaf,'"

Then the deacon opened the letter.

It was extremely brief and very much to the point.

It read as follows:

"A friend begs to inform Mr. Edmund Paxton that his son, Sinclair, has honored a young lady named Lydia Grane, a mill-girl, with his attentions so openly, that folks wonder when the marriage will take place."

And that was all; no signature was attached to it. It was written in a hand evidently disguised, but plainly written by a woman.

The deacon read the letter over a second time, and pressed his lips together gravely.

Then he opened and read the other two letters, which were purely on business matters as he had expected. These disposed of, he returned again to the mysterious note.

"A mill-girl, eh?" he muttered. "I wonder which mill: my mill, I suppose. Grane—Lydia Grane; a rather odd name," he said, reflectively. "I don't remember any family about here of that name; she is evidently a stranger, then. I can understand this letter on that supposition. It is written by some young lady of Biddeford or Saco who doesn't like to see Sinclair captivated by a stranger. I wonder if there is any truth in it; and then again, I wonder who the girl is? I'm going down to the mill this morning; it may be as well to inquire about this Miss Lydia Grane."

The deacon turned once more to his papers; in twenty minutes he had finished, then he left the library and dressed himself for the street.

He proceeded at once to the mill.

The superintendent, Anson White, Esq., was in his private office when the deacon entered.

A half an hour was occupied upon business matters, when the deacon suddenly remarked:

"By the way, White, I suppose you know the names of all the mill-hands?"

"Yes, I think I do. I have always made it a point to know all about the hands. Got an idea, you know, that I can run the mill better," White replied. He was a shrewd, bustling Yankee from 'way-down-East, and really a capital manager.

"Is there a girl in the mill named Grane—Lydia Grane, I believe?"

"Yes," White answered, promptly; "been here about six months, if I remember rightly."

"What sort of a girl is she?" the deacon asked, quietly, and with apparent unconcern.

"Tall, with dark eyes, very ladylike indeed; she's above the average of mill-girls—very much of a lady."

"Is she a good hand?"

"Excellent! Hasn't missed day I believe since she came to the mill. She's a very capable young woman. Took quite an interest in her when she first came, she was so very quiet and ladylike."

"I've heard her spoken of, and from the description I fancy that I would like to see her."

"That's easy enough if it's not too much trouble for you to go up-stairs," White said, rising.

"Oh, no; although I am getting rather fat and old," the deacon said, good-humoredly, getting up from his chair.

"Well, deacon, you stand it pretty well," White replied.

"Yes, contrive to worry along. By the way, does Miss Grane stop in the mill boarding-house?"

"No; she boards in Biddeford, at widow Gardner's."

"Ah, indeed?"

Then the two proceeded into the mill.

Lydia worked in a room on the third floor.

The superintendent and the deacon sauntered carelessly through the room, Mr. White explaining the working of some new machinery which had just been put in.

"report," she said, anxiously; "at least, not on my side."

"If my son loves you, and you would make him a good wife—which from what little I know of you, looks probable—I trust that there may be some little love on your side, one of these days. Good-night," and the deacon departed, leaving Lydia a prey to conflicting emotions.

"But I do not love him!" she exclaimed, standing by the door, gazing out into the dusk of the twilight, and communing with herself. "I feel sure that I do not love him, and yet he is so worthy to be loved!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE ADVENTURER AGAIN.

LYDIA stood by the doorway like one in a trance, her eyes were fixed upon the ground and rapidly the busy thoughts flashed across her brain.

"He is so worthy to be loved," she repeated, slowly, "and yet I am sure I do not love him. Oh, there isn't any one in this world who could guess how strangely fascinating he is, and yet—I feel that I do not love him. But will the time ever come when I shall love him? No, no, no!" she cried, hurriedly; "I must not think of that; I must not even dream of such happiness being in store for me. I must be on my guard against him, or some day I may wake to the knowledge that I do love him, and then there will be nothing but misery for me hereafter in this world. It must not—it shall not be!" and the girl shut her white teeth firmly together, and over her face came a hard and cruel look. For the moment she looked ten years older.

"Ah, Lydia, enjoying the breezes of the night?" said a well-known voice. The speaker had approached so softly that the girl, deep in thought, had not heard his footsteps. Lydia's face plainly showed the pain she felt, for the speaker was Daisy Brick.

Brick opened the gate and came into the garden. Lydia had not moved, but stood like a statue at the doorway.

"What a deuced strange girl you are!" Daisy exclaimed, as he came up to her. "You don't even say 'How d'ye do' to a fellow."

"Why have you come here again?" demanded the girl, suddenly, and her eyes glared, and the big veins in her white temples swelled out like knotted cords.

"Are you going crazy?" demanded Brick, in astonishment.

"Why have you come here again?" repeated the girl, her voice forced and unnatural.

"To see you, of course, since you insist upon an answer," he replied.

"Will you never leave me in peace?" the girl, exclaiming, despair plainly written on her white face.

"Who the deuce wants to disturb you?" ejaculated Brick, disdainfully. "It's a great pity, I think, if I can't come and have a quiet chat with you once in awhile, without you kicking up such a row about it."

"What do you want now?" the girl asked, plaintively.

"Don't want any thing in particular," Brick replied, shortly.

"I can't give you any more money—"

"Wait till I ask you for it," he interrupted, quickly.

"Oh, go away!" she exclaimed.

"Shant do any thing of the sort, and don't you be a fool. I don't intend to do you any harm. You'll see before long that I'm the best friend you ever had."

"You a friend?" Lydia exclaimed, in a tone of withering contempt.

Even the redoubtable Daisy winced at it. He was not utterly without feeling.

"See here, don't you be so confounded sarcastic!" he exclaimed. "You cut right through a fellow with that icy tone of yours, just like a north-east wind. Why, Lydia, you make me feel quite uncomfortable; you don't say much, but your manner suggests a good deal, and I am so quick of apprehension, that, really, I would greatly prefer that you should speak in a more pleasant manner."

"I don't wish to see you at all," she exclaimed, quickly. "You know very well that your presence brings nothing but pain to me."

"Lydia, my charmer, it's our duty in this life of ours, to bear pain sometimes," he said, lightly; "but I take such a wrong idea of this matter. You are here all alone, a stranger among strangers; so am I. Being old acquaintances, it is only natural that we should come together—for mutual advice and counsel, say. And from what I have heard from the village gossips, I rather think that you will need the advice of a cool, clear-headed friend before long."

Daisy's manner implied a great deal more than his words.

"What have you heard?" Lydia demanded, suddenly, the vivid scarlet spots burning in her cheeks.

"That a certain gentleman is very much in love with you, and that you are very much in love with him, and the first letter of his name is Sinclair," Brick exclaimed, jocosely.

"I can not keep people from talking," Lydia said, slowly.

"Who wants you to?" Brick cried, in amazement. "Let 'em talk—does 'em good. Now, my dear, I've come to give you some good advice; so let us go into the house where we can sit down and talk quietly and calmly."

"I do not want your advice!" the girl cried, hotly.

"But you must have it, my dear high-spirited angel," Brick replied, placidly. "Come!" And he mounted the step and attempted to place his arm around the girl's waist, but she shrank from him as though there was death in his touch.

"Oh, I ain't a snake!" Brick exclaimed, rather out of temper. "I'm not going to bite you; you needn't jump as though your precious life was in danger."

"I can not bear to have you touch me," she said, in a tone of aversion.

"Oh, indeed! Well, now, I never should have guessed that, if you hadn't said so!" Brick exclaimed, with profound sarcasm.

Then, a little out of humor, he walked into the parlor, and Lydia followed slowly.

Brick took possession of the rocking-chair, with an air of intense satisfaction.

"They may say what they like about New England; the people down here know how to live and enjoy life," he exclaimed, in a confident tone. "I've made up my mind to stop in these parts for some little time, and so I hunted up a boarding-house, and what the old woman who keeps it, Mrs. Sparks, don't know about cooking, ain't worth knowing."

Lydia's heart sank within her at his words. She had tried to forget him, and

his visit, and had fondly imagined that she would not be haunted by his presence.

"By the way, Lydia, my dear, you may as well light a lamp, if there is one in the room; I hate to talk in the dark," he said.

Lydia did not reply, but lit the lamp, which stood on the mantelpiece.

"And, now, sit down, my dear," Brick continued—the girl was leaning on the mantelpiece—"it looks so awkward to see you standing there."

She went quietly, and seated herself in the nearest chair.

"There, that's better!" he exclaimed, with an air of satisfaction. "Now we can have a cosy chat together. A moment since you wounded me greatly. You insinuated that I had come to get some money from you. My dear Lydia, how could you wrong me so?" and Daisy shook his head, mournfully. "True I did borrow a small sum from you on the occasion of my last visit, but, as I explained to you at the time, I was under a cloud; that cloud has now lifted. I am now in business on my own account, thanks to the loan received from you."

Lydia looked a little bewildered; during her acquaintance with Daisy Brick, she had never known him to exhibit any business qualifications whatever.

"By the way, if any one should happen to see me in conversation with you at any time, my name might be asked. I am known here as Daisy Brick. I am not sailing under false colors at present, for, as it may appear to you that peculiar appellation is really my name."

"What can it possibly matter to me?" Lydia said, with an air of weariness.

"Oh, nothing, of course, for I suppose that the feelings which once animated your breast for Lord Alfred Vere de Vere are dead and gone?"

"Can you ask that question?" the girl said, slowly.

"There was hardly a need of it, but still it is as well that we should understand each other. When first we became acquainted you were under the impression that I was an English lord, of high descent and of unlimited wealth; now the truth is that I was born in a poor-house—a pauper by birth, and a thief by breeding. You once had an idea that I was going to bestow on you an unlimited amount of wealth. That idea proved to be a delusion only, but, now, I doubt not that you will look upon me with amazement, when I tell you that I have a scheme in my head which will make your fortune. You are poor, and work hard all day long in a dingy mill for just about enough to live on. You shall be rich, in your carriage, enjoy all that wealth can purchase."

"Do you ever read the Bible?" asked the girl, suddenly.

Daisy looked thoroughly astonished at the question.

"Well, I can't say that I do read it much, now," he replied. "But what has that to do with us, I should like to know?"

"One passage reads, 'get thee behind me, Satan!'"

Daisy winced, for the shot struck home.

"You are extremely complimentary, my dear," he said, a little annoyed.

"Only the truth."

"The truth should not be spoken at all times."

"An evil saying used by evil men for bad purposes," she exclaimed.

"You think, then, that like the Prince of Darkness, I am promising what I can not perform, when I tell you that I can give you wealth? You see I do remember something of the Book."

"You may be able to do what you say, but I fear that the price will be a terrible one."

"Oh, no; it will be extremely cheap; only to marry the man you love."

Lydia looked at him with a piercing glance.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 140.)

Death-Notch, the Destroyer;

THE SPIRIT LAKE AVENGERS.

BY OLL COOMES,
AUTHOR OF "HAWK-EYE HARRY," "BOY SXY,"
"IRON-SIDES, THE SCOUT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV. A BUFFALO-CHASE.

The day was two-thirds gone. The sky was clear and the sun shone hot and sultry. The great Nebraska plain lay glimmering with waves of heat, as though an internal fire was burning beneath its surface.

A herd of buffalo along a small stream, that found its way into the Platte river, was the only living object to be seen upon that plain. The shaggy beasts were panting with heat. Some were wallowing in the creek, others loitering beneath a fringe of willows, while others still were rummaging about in the tall grass with restless impatience. They seemed to rest in perfect security, for not even a skulking coyote was to be seen.

"You may be able to do what you say, but I fear that the price will be a terrible one."

"Oh, no; it will be extremely cheap; only to marry the man you love."

Lydia looked at him with a piercing glance.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 140.)

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A cry of approbation burst from every lip. Even the voice of him who claimed the buffalo acquiesced in the punishment.

"Dod dur y red pictures!" Old Shadow exclaimed, indignantly, "yer a pack o' wranglin', maw-mouthed dogs and cowardly coyotes! I can lick the hull caboodle o' ye and not ha'f try."

Two or three savages seized him and dragged him rudely toward the buffalo, at the same time uttering terrible threats, in which "scalp-knife" sounded the most security, for not even a skulking coyote was to be seen.

"Wal," he said, "who keers what ye do, ye blubber-heads. Ye needn't make so much noise about a little thing as this."

A blow warned him to keep silent, which he managed to do, but it was more trying to him than the idea of being bound upon the buffalo's back.

He was dragged into the slough and thrown rudely across the animal's back face upward, and his head resting near the beast's shoulders.

His arms were drawn backward in a painful position, and firmly lashed with a strong lasso. His legs were bound in a similar manner; then a rope was passed over his breast and around the beast, thus doubly securing him.

After adding a few triumphant taunts and jeers to their cruel work, the ropes that held the young buffalo a captive were severed; then the beast's haunches and sides were pricked with the keen points of knives and smarting with this inhuman treatment it struggled to its feet and plunged furiously forward with a bellow of pain and fear.

A few desperate lunges carried it from the slough onto solid ground. Here, by mad caffing and leaps, it tried to dislodge its rider, but in vain.

A yell of savage triumph burst from the lips of the red-skins, and filled the animal with affright. The next instant it was thundering at a breakneck speed over the prairie, with its helpless human burden.

"By Heaven!" exclaimed the old hunter, "this is a leetle more than I keer about. I'm afraid, Ole Shader, this'll set ye up. But better this way than in the hands o' them varlets. Ya-h, buffer!

ya-h, have mercy—have feelin', and go easy! I know it's no trouble to tote a ole shader like me—ya-h, buffer, for God's sake, easy!"

Then forth from the cool shade of the willows and the water, the buffalo went pouring in one continual stream, their hoof-strokes sounding like the sullen roar of thunder. For fully a mile along the creek the huge, shaggy beasts came charging out from among the willows with a snort and bellow, and swept away over the plain like a mighty wave, rising and falling with the undulations of the great prairie.

With whoop and yell the savages gave pursuit, pressing their animals forward at the top of their speed.

For over a mile the chase continued with but little advantage to the pursuers, for upon such a hot, sultry plain it was impossible for either man or beast to exert themselves to their utmost for a great length of time. And among those thousands of shaggy forms it was impossible for the weaker ones to hold out with the stronger, and soon the pursuers saw that stragglers were falling in the rear. There were both cows and calves among the lagging, but the latter were the most desirable of all for food.

The savages pressed on, and two or three fine fat calves were soon secured, but it was a grand hunt, and not until darkness fell would the race close.

The herd spread out over the plain with a front of a mile, and as the shadows of evening came on and the air grew more vibrant, the pounding of the hoofs on the plain fairly shook it to its center.

The herd spread out over the plain with a front of a mile, and as the shadows of evening came on and the air grew more vibrant, the pounding of the hoofs on the plain fairly shook it to its center.

Still the hunters pressed on. One by one the herd fell. The trail lay strewn with carcasses; some had been shot and others impaled with lances. The chase once over, the hunters will go back and secure the most desirable of them.

The shadows of evening begin to fall. Twilight deepens into darkness. Still the chase goes on, but one by one the savages have dropped off, until there are but three or four now in pursuit. One of these is a white man—a large, burly fellow of giant strength. He carries a heavy lasso in his hand, and his eyes are set upon a fine young bull. He has been watching it for some time with the intention of lassoing it.

In their headlong flight the beasts dash through a marshy slough, and the feet of those before trample it into such a mire that the number of the stragglers were "swamped."

Here the white renegade was successful. The object of his eye sunk partly in the mire, and before it could extricate itself, the fatal noose had encircled its neck. He then learned, for the first time, that it had been the object of two or three of his companions, who rushed up to claim it. But the renegade's claim was undeniable, and he forbade his friends slaying it. It was his, and he then and there vowed his intention of leading it back to the camp alive, as a witness of his skill with the lasso.

At this juncture a new party of savages made its appearance, coming from the east. There were about a dozen of them, and friends of the hunters. In their midst was a white prisoner.

It was Old Shadow. An understanding was at once had between the two parties. Many and dark were the scowls of hatred cast at the old hunter, and a murmur of vengeance was upon every lip.

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Nothing could be seen of their late foes. All was silence and gloom save where the fire stretched its lurid length across the plain.

SATURDAY JOURNAL.

From a commanding point they were enabled to see into the new town, that was lighted up with numerous glowing campfires.

The location was a good one, affording many natural defenses. A high escarpment of rugged hills encircled it on three sides, cutting off approach from these points.

On the fourth side the river guarded the approach to the valley; yet there were narrow passages between the river and hills, giving access to the valley. But these passages the wily old chief had doubly guarded, and he rested under the self-assurance that he had at last found a retreat in which he need have no fears of an enemy, however strong.

The almost impregnable situation of the village impressed itself upon the minds of the Avengers, and filled them with a feeling akin to despair.

Hundreds of camp-fires showed them the interior of the camp. Warriors were stalking about as if to familiarize themselves with their new village; children played in groups here and there, while the squaws—the slaves of the great warriors—were busy with their usual drudgery.

The Avengers strained their eyes for a sight of their captive friends. They saw nothing but a few white men, and these they knew were renegades, for they enjoyed all the liberties of the camp.

"I see no captives, nor chance for us," said Amos Meredith.

"There must be a chance for us," replied Ralph St. Leger; "we must make a chance, if our friends we find are prisoners in that encampment. If they are, we must release them at all hazards; but if they are not, and have been slain, I shudder to think what will follow at my hands."

"And ours, too," said several of the Avengers.

The little band continued its reconnaissance for some time, then they returned to the place where they had left their horses. Here they spent the remainder of the night, and on the following morning began a *détour* around the village to find an entrance to the valley.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 136.)

Mohenesto: OR, Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk.

BY HENRY M. AVERY,
(MAJOR MAX MARTINE.)

XVI.—*Grasses of the Prairies.*—A Good Grazing Country.—Birds of the Rocky Mountains.—Timber—Mineral Wealth.—The Pimo Indians.—Their Reservation—Two Crops a Year.—Population—Pimo Customs.—Pi Ute or Digger Indians.—Are they Human?—Poison Arrows.—A Digger Paradise.

On the west side of the Arkansas river, and between it and the Rocky Mountains, there are three distinct species of grass found. The first is the short, curly variety, called buffalo grass, from the fact that they are particularly fond of it. The second kind is the grama grass, which is, I believe, indigenous to only this section of America. Its stalks grow about one foot in height, and near the top it gives off, at right angles, another stem, which is usually from one and a half to three inches in length. From this stem hang clusters of seeds, which are well protected by a hard, shell-like covering. It is said, and my own observation confirms the fact, that horses will leave grain, such as corn and oats, to feed on this grass; and it is possessed of wonderful nutritious qualities. Wild oats and peas abound in the mountain valleys. Along the low, swampy lands which skirt the rivers of the plains, there is yet another species of grass which often grows several feet in height, and has a broad leaf similar to that of the flag so common in Eastern States.

On approaching the mountains the blue grass is found, which is of the same variety as that found in Kentucky and nearly all the Western States. The bunch grass, so common on the northern plains, and about the upper Missouri and Yellowstone rivers, is sometimes met with in the valleys of New Mexico, where it grows to an immense height; but in the low lands it is so rank as to be utterly useless, being too tough for animals to eat. Strangers, when journeying in these parts, often make the mistake of selecting camps in this tall grass, being deceived by its thrifty appearance; but one night thus spent will usually satisfy them of its value.

On the plains of the South-west there are but few wild-flowers; but, as you approach the mountains, they greet the eye in extensive beds, and, like "Joseph's coat," are of many colors. As a grazing country, the Rocky Mountains can not be surpassed. The timber here is poor in quality, and comprised pine, cedar and cottonwood, with occasional patches of scrub-oak bushes. Most of the rivers in the mountains are formed from melting snows and springs, and they come tumbling down through gorges and rocky canyons, until they are free in the valleys, where they form bold and beautiful rivers. The speckled trout, now getting so rare in the brooks of New England, abound in these mountain streams, and it is a singular fact that in most of these streams the proverbially "slip trout" treat the presence of a man with perfect indifference, which has led me to believe that in their primitive state they neither fear man nor beast. The Indians catch them in enormous quantities, and it may be that the fish is first frightened by them.

In the Rocky Mountains, south of the head-waters of the Arkansas, comparatively speaking, there are but few small birds and squirrels. The raven, the crow, the hawk, the owl, and occasionally the eagle, are seen. Wild geese, ducks and cranes are common. Pigeons, including the wild dove, are seldom seen, and it is somewhat singular that the common blue pigeon, wintering in the Carolinas and Tennessee, and summering in the Northern States, has not yet found its way beyond the "Great River." The magpie is found in abundance. Turkeys, pheasants, grouse and quails are plentiful. A man may travel for days and weeks amid the Rocky Mountains, and never hear the musical notes of a bird; and here the rattlesnake is seldom found, except in the valleys where it is warm. In warm weather the deer, elk and antelopes of the plains live in the mountains; but, when the cold weather sets in, they are driven out by the deep snows, and must seek the fresher herbage of the valleys.

The pine trees of the Rocky Mountains bear a small nut, which is called by the Mexicans *píñon*, which, when cooked, are quite pleasant to the taste. There are many salt lakes in the mountains, and I have often seen marshes where the ground was covered by the salt deposit. The mineral wealth of this section is very great; rich mines of gold, silver and iron ore are abundant throughout the whole range. Nearly every stream carries down in its floods that precious metal, gold; but in such small quantities as not to attract the attention of most of the miners.

In the old Spanish records of the expeditions made to the Gila river during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, special reference is made to the Pimo, or, as the Spaniards call them, Pimos Indians. Savadra, an excellent authority respecting the Indian races of Sonora, having spent much time among them, says the Pimos, Maricopas, Cochegas and Mojaves are all "Indians of Montezuma," in proof of which he refers to one custom common to all—that of cropping their hair across their foreheads, leaving the back to its full length behind.

This statement is corroborated by the Pimos of the present day, who proudly boast of their descent from the Montezumas. The most interesting fact in the history of these people is that as far back as the records extend, they lived as they do to this day cultivating the earth, showing a direct affinity with the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, Alarem, who visited the great valley of the Colorado, in 1540, mentions that it was cultivated to considerable extent by tribes having a fixed residence and permanent abodes. Unlike the Apaches and the mountain tribes to the north, who live a wandering and predatory life, the Pimos have always manifested a friendly disposition toward the whites, and seem much devoted to the peaceful pursuits of agriculture and stock-raising.

In consideration of their industry and amicable conduct toward Americans, the Government of the United States, in 1859, caused a reservation to be set apart for them, embracing all the lands which they had in cultivation at the period of the acquisition of Arizona. It embraced one hundred square leagues of arable land, most of it susceptible of irrigation. The length of the reservation is about twenty-five miles, the breadth, four, and the river Gila runs through it from one end to the other. Three large aqueducts take their head near the upper boundary, one on the north, and the other on the south side of the river, two miles below Sacatone. These, with their various branches, comprise nearly five hundred miles of well-defined aqueducts, and extend over tract of land eighteen miles in length. We have authentic history in proof of the fact that, for three hundred years the same land has been under cultivation, producing two crops a year, without manure or renewal of any kind; yet it continues as productive as ever. It is probable that the deposits left by the water are of a fertilizing nature. The return in wheat is twenty-five fold. The season for wheat-planting is December and January. Tobacco and cotton, which flourish with remarkable luxuriance, are planted when the mesquite leaves put forth—generally about the first of March. The summer rains commence about the 25th of June, by which time the wheat harvest is over, and corn is planted in the same ground; also pumpkins, melons, and other vegetable products requiring great heat and moisture. Considering the rude system of agriculture pursued by these people, and the indolence of the young men, who seldom do any thing but ride about and gamble, it is remarkable what crops they have produced on this reservation.

The number of Pimo villages are ten; Maricopas, two; separate inclosures, one thousand; population, six thousand. In 1869 they furnished the Government with six hundred thousand pounds of wheat, and disposed of about one hundred thousand pounds made into flour and sold to miners and traders. Their crops were smaller than usual, owing to the breakage of their main aqueduct in a critical period of the season; and in January, 1864, they were nearly out of wheat, but still had a good supply of other products.

The Pimos have always proved themselves good warriors, and have been uniformly successful in resisting the incursions of the Apaches. Their village offered almost the only protection to American citizens in Arizona.

On the death of a member of the tribe, his property is fairly and equitably divided among his people. If he be a chief, and possessed of fields of corn and cattle, his death is a windfall to the community. The villagers are summoned to his burial. Over his grave they hold a grand festival. The women weep and the men howl, and they go into a profound mourning of tar. Soon the cattle are driven up and slaughtered, and everybody, heavily laden with sorrow, loads his squaw with beef, and feasts for many days. All the effects of the deceased become common property; his grain is distributed; his fields shared out to those who have need of land; his chickens and dogs divided among his tribe; and his widow is offered by public proclamation to any man who desires a wife. If she be an able-bodied woman capable of doing much work, she is generally consoled within a few days by another husband, though custom allows her to howl for the last until the conventional demands of grief are satisfied. Marrying a wife with a fair-covered face, having his inconveniences, the new husband is also permitted to wear tar, which doubtless has a tendency to cement the union. The bows and arrows, blankets, beads, paints, jews-harp, and other personal effects of the deceased are buried with him. The body is placed in a sitting posture, with the face to the west. Over the grave sticks and stones are placed, and thus he is left to his last sleep.

PI UTE OR DIGGER INDIANS.

These Indians are by far the most degraded and miserable beings who inhabit the continent; their bag-like covering is of the coarsest description, their food revolting;

the puppies and rats of the Heathen Chinese being almost Epicurean, when compared with a Digger bill of fare. They eat lizards raw, or with no further preparation than jerking off the reptile's tail. To obtain this description of food more readily, many of them carry with their arms a sort of hooked stick, not unlike a long cane, which they use in capturing them.

The hate of these Indians is long, reaching nearly to their middle, and almost as coarse as the mane of a mule. Their faces are perfectly devoid of any intellectual expression, and—save the eye, which is exceedingly keen—their features are nowise remarkable. The traveler can not but notice a strong similarity to a wild beast, both in their manners and appearance. I have repeatedly observed them turning the head from right to left, quickly, while walking,

often seen marshes where the ground was covered by the salt deposit. The mineral wealth of this section is very great; rich mines of gold, silver and iron ore are abundant throughout the whole range. Nearly every stream carries down in its floods that precious metal, gold; but in such small quantities as not to attract the attention of most of the miners.

in the manner of a prairie-wolf. In voracity they bear a greater resemblance to an anaconda than to a human being—five or six of these Indians will sit around a dead horse, and eat until nothing but the bones remain. Unlike the tribes of the Rocky Mountains, they steal your animals, not to ride, but to slaughter for food, and a loss of this kind is rendered doubly provoking to the trapper, from the fact that they pick out the fattest stock. They sell their own children to Californians, to obtain some addition to their scanty supplies.

It can not be denied that there is some excuse for their failings in these respects; the miserable country which they inhabit is incapable of supporting them, and the surrounding tribes, who occupy the more fertile portions of this region, look upon these outcasts with a suspicious eye, and are reluctantly driving them from their hunting-grounds.

The arms of this degraded tribe consist of a bow of uncommon length, the arrows headed with stone; these last they sometimes poison. The liquid which renders their arrows so deadly is a combination of those which distill from some plant known only to themselves. This plant appears to possess the qualities of the fabled Upas-tree, as the noisome vapors exhaled by distillation act so powerfully upon the producer as to destroy life. It therefore becomes a matter of some moment to decide upon the individual who is to prepare the yearly stock of poison for his tribe. It would naturally be supposed that so dangerous an office would be shunned by all; but on the contrary a yearly contest takes place among the oldest squaws as to which shall receive the distinguished honor of sacrificing her life in the cause, and the conduct ends in the appointment of the successful competitor, who does the work and pays the point.

"What man behind me?" I turned around. Gentlemen, I don't know how he got there, but there he was, sitting with his legs dangling over the side, quiet as a mouse, gazing straight at me. I didn't feel over-comfortable between these men, though better men never breathed. Heath spoke after a moment, quick and right to the point.

"Did you ever hear of Kit Heath?" I am the man," and he lowered his revolver.

"Hear'd of him. I guess I had. I hadn't heard of anything else since I came on the route.

Everybody was talking about Kit Heath and his pard Jack Westerfield. Gentlemen, they were the sharpest, cutest

scouts that ever drank alkali water.

"Heath kept looking me square in the eye, and, after a bit, said, pointing over his shoulder: 'That man behind you is Jack Westerfield.'

"What man behind me?" I turned around.

"Westerfield spoke to the highwayman. Get down!"

"He obeyed."

"Now march!" And he pointed to the ranch.

"Mulat obeyed, closely followed by

Jack, who still kept his revolver on him. Heath remained by the coach. 'Drive on! he said.

"Although fearfully interested in the proceedings, I had to obey. When I looked back, at the edge of the forest, Heath was still standing in his tracks, watching me. The last thing I saw as I entered the forest was Heath, still as a stump, in the road, and the robber, closely followed by the scout, tramping slowly up the long-forgotten path and into the dark door.

"I had driven about a mile when I heard a solitary pistol-shot, dull, and in the direction of the ranch. 'Ah!' Eph. Mulat has passed in his chips."

"Next day I came along up the hill (this one, gentlemen, and the ranch ain't far away) and was met at the top by Heath. He rode down to the ranch with me, when Westerfield came out.

"I asked about Mulat. Heath pointed toward a body surrounded by buzzards, under a tree. He had gone, sure enough, and passed in his chips."

"When I drove away, I had a brace of silver-mounted revolvers, worth fifty dollars, given me by the scouts. I can't tell anything more about it, for the rest is a mystery."

"But Jack Westerfield was more than

man, in my opinion, for he climbed on that stage twice, without my knowing it, when the least jar made the old boat rock like a

cradle."

"I don't like to tell yarns with mysteries

that are not explained, but that is a fair sample of how business was done in the West, ten years ago. Get up, Tom!"

"He is coming, and that is enough for you. Make him sit on the box with you, but don't let on you know him. He won't hurt you. Keep him with you outside. Mind what I say. When you get here, walk your horses and crack your whip. That is all."

"He began to get down, but stopped with one foot on the wheel. 'If you go back on us—well, you have heard of Heath and Westerfield.'

"He dropped to the ground, stood still, and told me to drive on. As I started I looked back. Westerfield had disappeared. He was chain-lightning, that fellow, and still as a mouse about his business.

"I did not feel quite so easy that night. Why Mulat should ride on a stage was a mystery to me, as he always kept close hid. And, then, how the scouts knew all about his movements was a puzzler. It flashed on me that they might be in league with him, but the next moment I called myself a fool for the thought. I thought that they wanted me to keep him on the outside so they could pick him off with their rifles, and I didn't like the idea. They might hit me, though they were dead center with the shotshells.

"Why didn't they go to Lonetree and catch him?"

"These thoughts kept flashing through my mind until I reached Lonetree. I looked sharp then, for there had been several attacks on the mail here by this dead ash."

"But nothing happened, and in two hours I was asleep at Ingum Head."

"Next night, at sundown, when I mounted the box, and took the lines from Bill Butler, I looked inside, but there was no one there. As no one got on at the station, I knew I would have an empty stage all through, as no one lived between my two stations."

"That put me in a fix, for how was I to stave off Mulat, for I knew he would ride inside to keep out of sight, though there wasn't much chance of meeting any one. Trying to frame an excuse, I drove away, and kept busy studying, until I got to South Fork, where I watered the animals."

"While they were drinking, a thought popped into my head, and I almost cheered."

"I drove into five feet of water, and remained there long enough to thoroughly drench everything inside."

"Now, Mr. Mulat, you won't stay inside long," chuckled I, as I trotted merrily along the banks.

"I now kept a sharp look-out for Lonetree, and after awhile I could distinguish it, though there was not much chance of meeting any one. Trying to frame an excuse, I drove away, and kept busy studying, until I got to South Fork, where I watered the animals."

"He waved me to stop, at the same time saying, 'A passenger!' I dismounted.

"I opened the door, and in he went. I jumped on the box and drove away. I had not gone a hundred yards when I heard him kicking and pounding for me to stop. I pulled in the reins. He bolted out, swearing horribly, and mounting the box with me, sent me to the infernal regions about a dozen times in succession. I inquired, innocent enough, 'What's the matter?' "

"The only reply was a flood of oaths, and while he was talking I examined him as well as I could in the moonlight."

"He was a burly ruffian, with little snapping eyes and a sinister countenance. His belt was stuck full of knives and pistols, and he was a man that used them nearly every day. Before I had completed my examination, he pulled his slouch hat over his eyes, folded his arms, and apparently went to sleep, though I knew he watched every motion of mine."

"That was ten miles to Stont's seemed like

fifty that night. I was afraid every moment that he might want to keep one of his knives in practice by taking a slice or so out of me, but he remained motionless, and, to all appearance, fast asleep.

"We at last gained the summit of a slight rise, and I saw the ranch gleaming in the moonlight not a hundred yards away. No one was in sight, but the old ranch seemed ten times gloomier than usual. I kept a sharp look-out from under the rim of my hat, but nothing was to be seen but the old abandoned log-house gleaming and winking in the moonlight. I looked at Mulat. He had not stirred."

"I watched the buildlings. We were opposite the barn, and it was time to walk the horses."

"I drew them in and cracked my whip. Mulat stirred slightly, but was quiet again.

"That riled me, so I thought if he didn't want to talk he needn't, so I just left him alone."

"We had got about five miles further when he pulled off his handkerchief, raised his slouch hat, and looked around. We were passing Stont's old ranch, a lonely, deserted place, looking mighty dismal as we came out of the woods into the prairie, and into the light of the moon which had just risen."

"We had passed the log-dwelling, and were opposite the old barn, when he quietly said: 'Whoa!'

"I drew up, and he turned half around in

his seat, looked me square in the eyes, and asked:

"Joe Davis, do you know me?"

EPITAPHS.

TRANSCRIBED BY JOE JOY, JR.

A LAWYER'S.
Stranger, if he who lies beneath,
When all your hopes looked dim,
Did plead before a court for you,
Stop here and plead for him.

A DOCTOR'S.
This slab is but the doctor's slate,
Tell to generations,
That he's professionally called
A way to see his patients.

A BARBER'S.
He kept a keen edge on his blade,
And closest shaves he gave;
If ever he gets through The Gate,
Twil be by a close shave.

A SHOEMAKER'S.
He worked at a good old age,
When he could no longer fight fast;
He found his thread of life used up,
And calmly breathed his last.

AN ARTIST'S.
He took a splendid photograph,
His pictures would not dim;
He took an awful whooping cough,
And death came and took him.

AN EDITOR'S.
He left no copy of himself
When he was called and went;
Alas, that this epitome
Should now be out of print!

A SOAP-MAKER'S.
Here lies beneath this crumbling stone
A victim of death's flashes;
Let soap that's at rest, and say
Peace be unto his ashes!

A FARMER'S.
With faithfulness he hoed his row
And then he leaped the fence,
And passed into another field
When corn was 90 cents.

A TAILOR'S.
He kept the trail of all things good,
His aim was always true;
His gun went prematurely off,
And he went with it too.

Lucia.

A STORY OF NEW ORLEANS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

"If I fail, then I fail, that is all!"
"And, mark my words, you will fail."
"Ha! when did Howard Davenport turn prophet? Does the sunset of life give him mystical lore?"

"No, Lucia Darke; but, 'coming events cast their shadows before.'"

The wondrously beautiful woman smiled, and turned again to the Venetian mirror before which she was standing, while the snowy-bearded man walked to the unique gas-jets and relit his cigar. And then, stepping beyond the mirror's reflection, he folded his arms in a theatric manner, and fastened his eyes upon his companion, who was arranging her golden hair after the latest fashionable model.

"She is beautiful; she is subtle—a Cleopatra, and a Medeis; but she will not succeed in the plots nearest her heart. She shall not succeed; there!"

Quicker than thought the Houri at the mirror turned upon the old man, and her dark eyes emitted sparks of fire as they flashed upon his somewhat startled face.

"So you are going to sting the bosom that has warmed you!" she cried, and dropping the pearl-mounted comb to the rich Brussels, she stepped toward him, with clenched hands.

"Lucia, I was not aware—"

"No, you were not aware that you spoke your thoughts aloud," she interrupted him. "But your heart would not keep them back. It tore them from your mind and hurled them to your lips. Howard Davenport, if you wish, this moment you are a free man. We can get another Lear. I thought you were a man; but I have found that you are a viper."

"The people shall not be disappointed," said the old man, quickly, but not without emotion. "I shall play my engagement out, and then, if you wish it, Lucia, I will leave the troupe. But, girl, Lucia, reflect upon what you would do. In my time I have seen the failure of many cherished plans."

"But I have witnessed the success of as large a number, and you are old enough to be my grandsons," she said. "I am sorry now that I opened my head concerning the matter; but you have aided me in every thing till this hour."

The old man did not speak.

"Howard Davenport, what is Gerald Webb or Ariadne Fulton to you? Tell me!"

Her tone was imperative.

"I never saw them till yesterday night," he answered. "Lucia Darke, they were created for each other; how can you have the heart to unparade them?"

"You have been with me long enough to know that I have the heart to do any thing," she said. "I say that I shall become Mrs. Gerald Webb, even though I force him to the altar over Ariadne Fulton's crushed and bleeding heart. I have sworn to do all this! I, Lucia Darke! do you hear me, Lear? and if you cross my path, I will bring your old hairs in sorrow to a tearless grave. So, Howard Davenport, beware!"

She fairly kissed the last words into his face, and so close had she approached to him, that her coral lips touched his thick, white beard.

He did not reply, but a pallor of fear shot across his face, and, angrily flinging his half-smoked Henry Clay through the open window, he strode from the apartment, without even bidding the desperate woman adieu.

"He dare not work against me!" she cried. "He knows what I can do with him. But why is he concerned about them? Despite his words they are something to him. But I am not to be baffled. He was created for me—not for that dull-faced thing he loves; and when I have tired of him, I will cast him off!"

Lucia Darke ceased; but her face wore the hue of ashes when she returned to the mirror. She had resolved upon something desperate, and she was a far more desperate woman than the Crescent City people deemed her. For many nights her majestic impersonation of Cordelia, in King Lear, had filled the greatest theater in New Orleans to overflowing, and her fame and beauty had become the theme of every tongue.

One night she caught sight of a handsome face in one of the private boxes, and she declared, in the glow of her passionate Italian nature, that she had encountered her affinity. But Gerald Webb, the stranger, cared not for the beautiful star, in the smiles of the lovely being at his side. He praised her acting, called her beautiful; but she did not draw him from Ariadne Fulton.

But the subtle, the dangerous "Cordelia" was weaving her snares, and fast laying them for the noble game she would bag.

She was resolved to succeed, and what lies would not do, the pearl-hilted stiletto in her boudoir should.

"He shall be mine!" she hissed, when she saw him in the private box, the night following her quarrel with Howard Davenport, her Lear.

"If I can't step into the place now filled by that doll-eyed charmer at his side, I will seek the water that kisses this city!"

And from a place behind the scenes old Howard Davenport looked at the lovers, and murmured:

"Yes, yes, he is Eva's son. Lucia Darke, you shall not succeed!"

It was truly diamond cut diamond.

The "Lucia Darke Troupe" fell to pieces in the Crescent City. Some of the members sought engagements in other cities; but Lucia and Howard Davenport remained in New Orleans. The adventures removed to the most fashionable quarter of the city, while the man whom she had dubbed viper—the man who had raised her from poverty to fame and affluence—took up his abode at the St. Charles. He sought the company of Gerald Webb, and, whenever his eyes beheld the young man, his form trembled with strange emotion, and more than once a tear lost itself in his white beard.

Surely the rising merchant was something to him, yet he had declared to Lucia Darke, that, when he reached the city with her troupe, he looked upon Gerald Webb for the first time.

Lucia, by her subtlety, forced herself into the marked man's presence, and tried to lure him from his love. He came to her side, but a moment later, as it seemed, he turned to Ariadne again, and thus headed up new hatred in Lucia's heart against his trojan flower.

"I will not turn to him again until I shall have removed that woman from my path!" hissed beautiful Lucia Darke, one day, as

Ariadne Fulton was a maniac! When her father returned to his rich home he found his only child's mind completely gone, and she sat on the sofa, talking about angels, flowers, birds—everything. She failed to recognize her parent, and she called her dearest friends plants that bore noxious flowers.

It was a terrible blow to the doting father, and Gerald Webb reeled from the sad scene with a deep groan and a stare, that boded ill for the peace of his mind.

"How did this come about?" cried Lucia Darke, when she found herself alone. "She said the liquid would kill, for it had killed in Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples. But she is as good as dead! Tartini's poisons know no antidote; they—Hark! The bell!

Trembling like a storm-shaken reed, the guilty woman answered the summons, and to her surprise, admitted Howard Davenport, whom she had not seen for many weeks.

"I've come to say good-by," he said, in a strange tone.

"Where are you going?"

"To Italy."

Lucia's cheeks slightly paled at this, and she stretched forth her hand.

"Shall you return?"

"I don't know. There's a crazy woman in the city, they say."

Lucia feigned surprise; but Howard Davenport read her heart, pressed her hand, and with drew.

"Yes, Lucia Darke, I'm coming back again," the old man murmured, when he found himself on the street. "I'm going to Italy for something—yes, for something that cure crazy people."

The next day he sailed from New Orleans.

During the months that followed the crime just witnessed, Gerald Webb formed good opinions of Lucia Darke. She seemed a ministering angel in his hour of grief, and at last the people said that he would soon lead her to the altar. Ah, it seemed as

The Dellorme Estate.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"EVERY well, Miss Octavia. Pray understand distinctly that I wash my hands of the whole affair."

Miss Ruby Dellorme, spinster, folded up her knitting work (she was forever knitting, and this time it was unbleached yarn socks for a newly-widowed old beau of hers), and looked very reprovingly at bright little Octavia Dellorme, who sat, very unconcernedly by another window, basting linen for her sewing-machine.

As Octavia just snatched a glance at her elder sister's lugubrious solemn face, she involuntarily laughed.

"It is really so funny, Ruby! As if for all the good that might come of it I would lend myself to such a scheme."

Miss Ruby pursed up her lips.

"I must confess I can see not the slightest reason for calling my proposal a 'scheme' or of your duty in the affair—lending yourself to it."

"But, Ruby,"—and now, when Octavia saw her positively in earnest her sister was, she instantly grew as earnest herself, and went on with her side of the argument in a sweet, proud way.

"But, Ruby, you have stopped to think how it would place me if—if—oh! Ruby, it is all so hateful to me. Just suppose Mr. Frank Vivian—I'll never call him cousin, after the way he has debraded us—just suppose he finds out I've been to Vivian House to spy out how he lives—"

"Octavia! you shall not put such a construction upon my meaning. Why can you not say I wish you to go to Vivian House during your cousin Frank's absence on an European tour, and learn from observation whether the money he defrauded us of makes him happy or miserable? I hope he is miserable," added Miss Dellorme, senior. Octavia laughed.

"I am sure I hope so, too; but I don't

"Come in, will I? Indeed I will, Ruth, for I've come to stay a fortnight. Now, let me tell you a little secret plan of my own that not even sister Ruby knows of. And mind, Ruth, I depend on you to help me!"

The drawing-room at Vivian House was a truly regal saloon, and as Octavia lay cosily back in one corner of the orange-satin *fauve*, she thought to herself how good a thing it would have been if Frank Vivian had staid dead—where everybody had supposed him for the last ten years. Then, all this elegance would have been her own and Ruby's, while now the only satisfaction left her was to scold and berate her cousin Frank who had been at Vivian House a week or so, engaged with a landscape gardener, in beautifying the park.

This bright, hot morning, Octavia looked very beautiful and cool as a lily in her white Swiss dress, made so simply, and its sheer gauziness relieved only by a light-green silk tie at her fair throat. She knew she looked well; she knew she had arranged her hair, and attired herself especially for this grave, quiet-going surveyor's benefit, for two reasons. One, he was the only eligible admirer at hand, and Octavia had a thorough woman, and liked to be admired; the other reason—and she felt a little quiver of her nerves as she vaguely acknowledged the truth—this other reason was, that had there been dozens of admirers at hand, Octavia would have preferred Lester Thorne's approbation to them all.

Now, she heard his step coming, blithe and quick on the marble floor of the hall, and then entered the room.

A plain—a very plain—man, of the average height, with a fair face, and blonde whiskers, and hair that was just a little scant, and were cut very short and close to his magnificently shaped head. His eyes were light—a keen, intelligent hazel; his mouth was expressive, being both gentle and decided in the curving of the lips.

A man who impressed you at once with his truthfulness, his refinement, his knowledge; and the man who (here comes the key-stone) had fallen in love with Octavia Dellorme.

And Octavia?

She arose from her graceful position as he crossed the threshold, and smiled him a welcome, as he came across the room to her.

"Remain just where you are, Miss Dellorme. If you knew how well you looked, you would."

"If my good looks depend upon these elegant surroundings, there is no need of my caring how they become me, seeing that I leave them so soon. Oh, Mr. Thorne, do you know, sometimes I fairly hate my cousin Frank?"

He could not help smiling at her pretty vehemence.

"Is that fair, Miss Dellorme? Ought you to dislike him because he has kept you from ownership in this?"

Octavia blushed a little under this grave rejoinder.

"Well—I don't know," she said slowly.

"I fear I have enough natural depravity to really wish he had been dead—"

"And enough candor to confess it," interrupted he, with his admiring eyes on her beautiful face.

"Oh, that's no virtue. Besides, I never have seen him, and, honestly, Mr. Thorne, I don't want to. I only came because my tyrannical sister made me, to find if he were misusing grandpa Vivian's money. And when I go home to-morrow, I shall tell Ruby I am sure cousin Frank is an orderly, methodical, refined—"

Mr. Thorne interrupted her by a merry laugh.

"Really, he will feel honored when I tell him what his charming cousin says of him."

"Tell him! oh, please, Mr. Thorne, don't tell him! I wouldn't have him know, for all the world, I had been here."

Octavia's eyes were full of a beseeching light, and she laid her hand on Lester's arm; and he, with a sudden tender gravity of manner that sent strange thrills over her, looked steadily in the eyes.

"Miss Dellorme, you have asked me a favor: I am selfish enough to refuse to grant it, until I have a favor awarded that I shall ask."

"Octavia!—there, you know it—you ever since you came! Octavia!—my answer—what is it?"

And when Octavia went out from Vivian House, she wore a golden ring that Lester Thorne had placed on her finger, as a seal of their betrothal.

"I am glad he has grace enough to write to us at last," said Miss Ruby Dellorme, as she folded up and placed in its envelope a letter from Frank Vivian.

"What does he say? He's not going to divide his money with us, is he?"

Octavia laughed as she asked the question so indifferently.

"Oh, you can afford to laugh and be indifferent, now that you have Mr. Thorne's consoling letters; but to my queer way of thinking, if you'd married Mr. Vivian, now—"

"But I won't see you, sister mine. What else does he say?" Octavia squealed quietly, evidently not anxious to hear what was in the letter.

"He says he may possibly come and renew his acquaintance with me, and see what you look like. He invites us to spend next summer at Vivian House."

Octavia's eyes brightened.

"Oh, that'll be splendid! Don't I hope Lester'll be there! I mean to ask cousin Frank when he comes; I'm sure he'll invite him."

"And so am I!"

It was the voice of a third party that answered, and the sisters sprung up in amazement.

"Oh, Lester!"

"Why, Frank Vivian!"

So the two greeted him, while he stood laughing at their surprise.

Then he gave his hand to Ruby.

"Cousin, can you forgive me for the deception I practiced on your sister? She will, I know—won't you, my darling?"

"I had not the slightest intention of doing so, until I heard Ruth, my portly wife, and this saucy Octavia here, laying their plans to entrap cousin Frank when he came home. So Mrs. Ruth and I entered into a counter conspiracy, which was easy enough, as the entire corps of servants were new and strangers to me. Besides," he added, glancing roguishly at Octavia, whose sweet, delighted face would have enchanted any man, "I really thought it a good way to divide grandpa Dellorme's property. Don't you both agree?"

The happy family circle at Vivian House answers his question in the most